THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When the Leaves are Turning Brown.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Never is my heart so gay
In the budding month of May,
  Never does it beat a tune
  Half so sweet in bloomy June,
Never knows such happiness
As on such a day as this,
  When October dons her crown,
  And the leaves are turning brown.

Breathe, sweet children, soft regrets
For the vanished violets;
  Sing, young lovers, the delights
  Of the golden summer nights;—
Never in the sunnier hours
On my way such radiance showers
  As from heaven falls softly down,
  When the leaves are turning brown.

Braid your girdles, fresh and gay,
Children, in the bloom of May;
  Twist your chaplets in young June,
  Maidens,—they will fade full soon;
Twine ripe roses, July-red,
Lovers, for the dear one's head;—
  I will weave my richer crown
  When the leaves are turning brown!

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER III.

TAKING POSSESSION, AND NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

It was winter when Miss Ursula's great fortune (all fortune is comparative) came to her, and it was early spring when she took possession of her kingdom. Claris had hastened to her on the first announcement of her inheritance, dropping flying hints as she departed of "being restored to her own position in society," and of "the cloud under which she had lain being at length removed." Hints which were as balm to the tender "society" conscience of many a "county" dowager whom Claris had beguiled into forgetting to inquire a second time into the antecedents of "that young person," but who had experienced, through the glamour thrown round her, certain compunctious visitings of mind as to the propriety of the "young person" being so freely admitted into the "best society," without, as it appeared, the usual passport demanded by that discriminating body. And it was just on their discrimination that these ladies now plumed themselves.

"I saw it all through," said Mrs. Colonel St. Leger to Lady Orme, the ex-banker's wife; "no one could see Miss Bankes for five minutes without recognizing that she was a person of good family—I never had any doubt of it in my mind, and that always explained to me her position amongst us."

To which Lady Orme cordially assented, and followed suit on the subject of her own foresight.

Meantime, Olive lingered at her post, torn by conflicting views of duty. The Holmbys were in despair at the thought of losing her, and there was a new baby, and poor Mrs. Holmby was not yet "about" again, and Olive could not find it in her heart to leave them until her place could be supplied and the household restored to its usual course. She wrote loving letters to her aunt, full of the joy of their new prospects, and of the hope of being always together, and tinctured with the natural elation common to mortals at the unexpected accession to wealth and station. And she stayed on until the new governess arrived, and the new baby had attained the age which authorised its usurping the last baby's place in the nursery cradle. Then, she tore herself away, leaving tearful faces and heavy hearts behind her, and just one gleam of wintry sunshine in Cissy Holmby's blue eyes, lit up by the whispered promise of a visit to Armytage Park "by-and-by."

It was early spring when Miss Ursula and her two nieces arrived at their new home. Their own carriage met them at the Eastwick-station, four miles from Armytage Park, and they drove through a winding maze of lanes which would by-and-by be green, past cottage gardens dressed in a "summer snow" of blossoms, through woods whose opening avenues were clouded by a blue haze of wild hyacinths, to the gates of a noble park, where her own tenantry were assembled to welcome their new mistress. But a great humility and fear were in Miss Ursula's heart, and she could only draw her veil with trembling hands before her eyes, to hide the tears which sprang forth at their greeting. It was Claris who, with graceful self-possession, bowed acknowledgments for the whole party, and won a score of masculine hearts upon the spot.

It must be confessed that Claris had a ready talent which had served them in good stead already, as it served them now. It was she who, during their stay in London on their way hither, had dressed Miss Ursula and her sister, as she had laughingly declared, "for their new characters;" it was she who had guided Miss Ursula's inexperience through the labyrinth of new etiquettes in which she soon found herself involved; it was Claris who planned and arranged the new household after the model of those she had studied in her late experience of life; who found that quick, deft-handed, and most useful maid whose attendance was at first such a trouble to Miss Ursula (but whom Olive never permitted to trouble *her*)—pale, self-possessed, thoroughly respectable Perks, who was so well recommended, and whose un-Abigaillish virtue of reticence on her own and her mistress's affairs gained her the awe and respect if not the good-fellowship of her kind. It was Claris who took Armytage Park on her shoulders, and planned, and arranged, and *plotted*, with such transparent egotism and self-seeking that Miss Ursula could not help sighing sometimes, as the conviction was forced upon her that Claris, like her father, was beginning at the wrong end of life.

For Miss Ursula would have taken her prosperity quietly and gently, hoping, in time, to gather about her real friends, using her means for the good of her fellow-creatures, for the comfort and happiness of her adopted children, for her own solace through these. How were her aims and those of Claris to meet?

Lady Arthur Thynne was one of the first of the "neighborhood" to call upon Miss Armytage, and a good many motives, of which simple kindness was *not* one, moved her thereto. Curiosity, love of patronage, that magnetic power of attraction which money exercises even when we do not see our way clearly to any personal benefit to be derived therefrom, and the fact that Hazelrigge Lodge was a dull abode at the best, and a new neighbor might furnish some pleasant excitement to the widow of a younger son living on a beggarly jointure which forbade a house in town for the season, or a winter in Paris on an ambassador's introduction, or any other refuge from that *ennui* which permeated Hazelrigge Lodge, "up-stairs, down-stairs, and in my lady's chamber"—these were the principal incentives to a courtesy which Miss Ursula accepted with undiscerning appreciation, but which Claris valued very highly.

"Lady Arthur Thynne is the daughter-in-law of a duke," reasoned that politic young lady to *herself;* she knew better than to expect any sympathy from either her aunt or Olive—"Lady Arthur is at the head of the county set; she is of the *crème de la crème;* it is by her skirts that we must enter that magic circle of exclusiveness—a vain, shallow woman, and therefore all the easier to manage."

So Claris cultivated Lady Arthur, and Lady Arthur allowed herself to be cultivated, offering up all Claris's blandishments and flattery to the Moloch of her vanity, and suspecting no ulterior design. And Claris's design was long in accomplishment. The "county" was a shy county, suspicious of strangers, jealous as Tam o' Shanter's "little people" of any intrusion on their sacred precincts and prerogatives.

It was a gouty county moreover, a county much given to change of air, to German baths and hydropathic establishments; it was a "wretched" county, Lady Arthur declared; it was half the year away from home, and the other half waking up to its duties at home. So Claris arrived among them in the middle of the first half, and having to wait the termination of the slow process of the other half, got bored to death, and went off on a round of visits to her aristocratic and appreciative friends in F—shire, leaving behind her an aroma of "good" names which considerably impressed Lady Arthur, and actually woke up the somnolent "county" a whole month before its time. Clever Claris!

Miss Ursula had been thankful for the great advantages of her prosperity; nevertheless, it had cost her not a little to master all the small details connected with it. She was past the age when an alteration of habits is pleasant or even easy; all her gratitude and her solid appreciation of her new position could not save her from the inevitable *gene* and discomfort which the complete change in her position entailed; she could not, at first, find her place in her new world; her humility accepted with an awe and a reluctance, that would have been rejection had she dared, all the responsibilities which met her on the threshold. Not that there was any awkwardness in the outward performance of her duties; her dignified simplicity and straightforwardness of character saved her there. You would guess nothing of all these doubts and misgivings, seeing her as she sits this August afternoon after the departure of Claris, with the summer sun shining full upon the fine old country mansion of which she is the mistress, and flooding with amber glory her favorite sitting-room. This is a handsome apartment, called the "little" drawing-room, in the pretentious parlance of the house, but larger than the whole ground-floor of Miss Ursula's late cottage. Miss Ursula does not look the least out of place amongst the gilded mirrors and girandoles, the marqueterie cabinets, and costly Dresden china ornaments. She fills her velvet arm-chair with very easy dignity, and the fine Angora favorite sleeping in the sunshine on the embroidered footstool at her side, gives an air of home comfort to the costly picture. The knitting in Miss Ursula's hand is another home-like adjunct; this is the substitute she has provided for the various household occupations which formerly occupied her, and of which the grand, ladylike housekeeper relieves her now. Innumerable shells and squares, intended, in time, to form counterpanes for many a cottage bed, fill up her enforced leisure and satisfy her active conscience. Beside this, Miss Ursula is occupied in entertaining visitors, or rather, to speak quite correctly, a visitor is entertaining *her*. A talkative, vivacious little lady is turning over a book of photographs at her side—a lady so youthful in manner, figure and dress, that you would never suppose her to be the contemporary of Miss Ursula—Miss Ursula, whose iron-grey curls are surmounted by a cap of soft white tulle—not a headdress, mind, not a fanciful evasion, but a *bona fide* cap, which is as frank in its avowal of middle age as is the heavy silver-grey moire that Claris has ordained to form the suitable reception dress of Miss Armytage, of Armytage Park. Lady Arthur's French bandeaux of pale, hay-colored hair swell out from under the shelter of a little black velvet hat; her slight figure is buttoned into a closely-fitting riding-habit, and this figure is, moreover, sufficiently rounded and shapely to come well out of that trying ordeal. It is easy to see at a glance that she affects juvenility, and, it must be confessed, she succeeds very well. Yet the success is of another kind than that which Miss Ursula achieves.

Olive, too, has her share of the duty of morning calls: a tall young man stands with her at the open French window, and looking out upon the bright acre of summer blossoms spread before it, discusses certain botanical questions which seem to have an especial interest for them both. Little Cissy Holmby, radiant with the happiness of Olive's fulfilled promise, flits in and out all the time like a bird on the wing.

Lady Arthur is in the habit of apologetically introducing the young man we have alluded to as "My son," and of afterwards remarking incidentally that she "was married when quite a child;" adding that "Gerald is essentially a Thynne, and looks, like all his family, older than his age." Ill-natured people say that his exchange into a regiment on foreign service was *her* doing, and that she was by no means pleased when that fever sent him home again on a two years' leave of absence. But as she is a gushing, impulsive creature, full of sensibility and affection, and as these amiable qualities would be most likely to expand themselves upon her own and only son, it is quite impossible that there is any foundation for the mischievous insinuations of these ill-natured people. Certainly there is no lack of demonstrative affection in the animated tone and manner of the mother's address to her son:—

"Oh, Gerald, darling! come here and look at this new photograph of Miss Claris. Is it not charming? Not flattering, of course—photographs of us women never are—and it would not be possible to flatter Miss Claris. I long to introduce her to you. Such a noble, elegant creature! such a lovely complexion, and such splendid hair! all soul and heart, too; looks it, doesn't she? Oh, Miss Bankes is quite the beauty of the neighborhood."

Olive had stood silent under this flow of eulogy, gravely checking off each item in her own mind. It did not occur to her that the non-appreciation her face expressed might be misunderstood—might be written down against her as envy or jealousy; she was only occupied in honestly separating the true from the false, and in heartily wishing that the false were true.

Lady Arthur's quick eyes darting upon her suddenly read her wrongly, as such worldly eyes would be pretty sure to do. Not that she confided the imaginary result of her penetration to her son in their *tete a tete* ride homewards. Lady Arthur had her little plans and her little policy, and she was minded to keep two strings to her bow, so that, should the one she most counted on chance to snap, the other might yet be tightened to carry the arrow to her mark. Therefore, not having the advantage of his mother's clear-sightedness, it is not to be wondered at that Captain Thynne threw himself with *empressement* into an acquaintance which he had already found very pleasant.

There was about Miss Ursula an atmosphere of genuine kindness and homeness—if one may write such a word—which was warming and cheering to the young man, cramped and chilled by the ungenial air of his home. He had long since found a skeleton at Hazelrigge Lodge—not the skeleton his mother dreaded, but another, more terrifying to her son, who was of another nature than hers—a skeleton of coldness, of selfishness, and unlovingness, from which he fled thankfully to the haven of Miss Ursula's benignant presence. And she, on her side, welcomed him with perhaps more than her usual kindness; she had seen in him a certain likeness to Edgar, and during his Indian experience he had trodden the same ground. He could tell her—little dreaming what tender heart-chords he was stirring beneath the calm, placid exterior—of places and names each one of which was consecrated in her memory. If the presence of Olive added to the other attractions of Armytage Hall that indefinable charm, that subtle element of romance which, without any especial interest, always accompanies the social intercourse of twenty and twenty-five, Captain Thynne enjoyed it with his other happinesses, and stopped to define none of them.

In a quiet, imperceptible sort of a way he became quite domesticated in Miss Ursula's little circle, went and came, and was always welcomed as the privileged *ami de la maison*. His services were always in requisition, now to choose a horse and see him broken in for Olive's riding, then to look over the list for "Mudie," or to advise which trees should be felled in the fast up-growing plantation, which was threatening one of the finest views from the "little drawing-room" windows. Miss Ursula began to wonder how she and Armytage Park had existed so long without the *genus homo* and the help to which she was now constantly turning.

Lady Arthur Thynne, coming in one day upon a rapt group, of which Gerald with the *Idylls of the King* was the centre, graciously doffed her bonnet and joined the listeners, remarking at the close that she "had no idea he read so well; Armytage Hall had developed *that* talent at least."

Cissy Holmby fell straightway in love with the young soldier. Little maiden of fifteen!—What else could she do? Her childish fancy had fed itself on scraps of chivalry, and her rising youth had delighted in its heroes—its Douglas, its Montrose, its Sir Roland and Sir Galahad. All her heroes were heroic; they were not men, but gods! And this one had marched to the relief of Lucknow, had sworn upon his sword as he looked into that awful well at Cawnpore, had succored women and helpless babes—had done—oh! after seeing his cheek flush, and his eye kindle, and his very form expand as he read *The Charge of the Six Hundred*, Cissy could believe he had done *any* deed of valor! So, nestling at Olive's side, with her untouched embroidery in her lap, and crushing her friend's pretty muslin skirts between her nervous fingers, the little enthusiastic girl worshipped her hero from behind that friendly shelter, and, with wonderful self-command, kept down her sobs as he read, now, in pathetic numbers, the tender story of *Evangeline*.

Claris still stayed away, and was not missed save by Lady Arthur, who loudly lamented her absence, and lauded her beauty anew at every visit. She was satisfied with the familiar footing her son had gained in the family; it was too familiar, she argued, for danger, and it was a favorable initiatory step. Lady Arthur saw her way clearly—if only Claris would return.

But Miss Ursula saw no danger, and the little band of congenial spirits watched the summer grow dusty and middle-aged; and even Cissy, insatiable from her long imprisonment in a manufacturing town, drank her fill of pastoral pleasures; and the little maiden, learning to ride on Olive's discarded pony, had her great hero at the bridle-rein, watching the harvest's golden gleam brighten the fields, and the evening's shadows purple the distant woods, meeting the first fresh winds of autumn on the hills, and searching every bosky brake, every shaded hedge-bank for ferns, and flowers, and red-lipped Venus' cups.

Then there were happy pic-nics, when Cissy found a mossy platform in a fairy dell, and dressed it for a dining-room with graceful ferns, and scarlet berries, and pink-tinted brambles, and when Miss Ursula sat serene, and Lady Arthur, in shepherdess's trim, smiled from under her straw hat, and tried to think it pleasant. And there were boating parties on the lake in the park, when Gerald read Browning, and nobody understood him, and they all came home by moonlight decked in wreaths of water-lilies and feathery sprays of clematis, looking, as Cissy laughingly vowed, like great ladies who had lost their way to some city ball-room; or, as Gerald suggested, like fauns and dryads who were quite at home where they were. And little Cissy fell deeper and deeper in love, and slept soundly at night, to be ready for the morning's bliss.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT THE AUTUMN BROUGHT FORTH.

Cissy Holmby never forgot that "Armytage autumn," as she called it. The reflection of its glory lingered with her all through the following winter, when she had returned to the dingy parsonage, crowded down amongst narrow working-world streets, with never a tree or a flower to relieve their grimness. Many a time the brown family parlor, with its well-worn furniture, was transformed in her twilight dreams into a breezy hill-side set with ruddy beeches touched with autumn's sunset fire, or into sweet woodlands where the wild cherry flamed its farewell to the year, and the lordly elm dropped graceful gold adown its sturdy stem, and the bramble-leaf, painted in gorgeous hues, purple and crimson, showed like a splendid forest flower.

Cissy, the eldest daughter of an ancient house, found her sisterly toil ofttimes intermitted by such visions as these, and the little ones, who were her care and her delight, gathered about her at holiday times to listen unwearyingly to the oft-repeated tale of how she and Olive looped up their skirts and went a-nutting where the hazel treasures hung thick and beautiful above their heads, and Captain Thynne held the basket and help to fill it, too; and the deep woods gave up their precious treasures, their shining ivy-leaves, their chequered light and shade, their rustling, cooing sounds, their splendid fronds of lady-fern, their trellis-work of bryony, and wild vine, and traveller's joy.

Cissy had her store of relics, too, mementoes of that dear time, wonders ever new, ever fresh to the little band, her sketchbook discovering many a treasured spot—Cissy had a very good talent in drawing—and her album of autumn-tinted leaves, fern-roots which struggled for life in the little smoky garden behind the parsonage, mosses and lichens, larch-cones and acorn-cups, gathered each in some well-remembered walk, and—but these last hidden away in some secret recess of Cissy's desk, where the little prying eyes never penetrated—a fragment of charred wood, and the soft gray feathers of a wood-pigeon.

Hidden from the prying eyes, but not from our sharp pen! We know we are doing a horribly base and a treacherous thing when we lay bare poor Cissy's hoarded secrets, but the interests of our story demand it, and what will not an author sacrifice to his story? Life, happiness, reputation, family peace, a whole hecatomb of victims, what are these in view of the propitiation of my Moloch? So, poor little Cissy, loving you as we do, and feeling "real mean" all the time, we must, we really must, drag to light what you have so tenderly concealed, and with relentless fingers weave those palpitating heartstrings into the woof of our tale.

Lady Arthur Thynne made up riding parties, in the fine autumn days, for exploring the neighborhood—Lady Arthur was fond of riding; she looked well on horseback, and she knew it, and she chose, too, sometimes to break up the reading parties at the hall. For Lady Arthur was a woman of the world, and Cissy Holmby was only a guileless little girl, and she had, all unawares, looked her innocent hero-worship out of her pretty eyes, and Lady Arthur had seen it, and, albeit indignant at the presumption of the "little chit," Lady Arthur deemed it as well to keep a good look-out upon her, for she could not be at all sure what those eyes might or might not do—those sweet violet eyes gleaming from under their dark lashes like the uncertain tint of color seen through the brown alleys of a wood in early spring! Lady Arthur knew that such eyes and such innocence had spoiled many a well-arranged plan before, and she took her measures accordingly.

Nevertheless, they were not always very prudent precautions. Those pleasant rides, when the lanes were often so narrow that only two could ride abreast (and the wrong two have always such a tendency to come together!) and the fresh winds were so exhilarating, and the purple moors and changing woods were so lovely, that the roused thoughts of the riders could not help but mingle. Yet Lady Arthur could think of nothing better; this kept the whole party, at all events, well before her own eyes, and there were intricacies in Longfellow and Tennyson, and "stuff" which Lady Arthur could not follow, and of which, consequently, she was very suspicious.

It was in riding through an open woodland path—one of those which are cut for the convenience of sportsmen—that a wounded wood-pigeon, crying out in its pain, fluttered across the grass close in front of the party, so close that Cissy's pony had well-nigh set his foot upon it. In an instant the girl had thrown herself from her saddle and had taken the bird in her hand.

"Its leg is broken!" she cried; "poor beautiful thing, its leg is broken!"

"What nonsense!" cried Lady Arthur, impatiently. "You had better leave it alone, Miss Holmby. William, wring the creature's neck, and put it out of misery."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Cissy, bursting into tears and looking appealingly towards Gerald.

He had already thrown the reins of his own horse and those of Cissy's pony to the groom. He took the poor thing, struggling now for terror as well as pain, from her hands, holding it as tenderly as she had done.

"There is no other wound," he said, "only the broken leg, and we may cure that."

"Oh! can it be done?" she said, eagerly, her earnest young face beaming upon him. "I am so thankful. I could not see it die!"

He was every whit as earnest as herself. He gave the bird back into her keeping, whilst he broke off two or three hazeltwigs and shaped them into splints with his hunting-knife.

"Oh, Olive!" said Cissy—the formal "miss" had long since been dropped by mutual consent—"look how soft and pretty it is."

She held up the bird, caressing its delicate feathers lovingly with her ungloved hand. Gerald came back to her side.

"Will you have courage enough to assist in the surgical operation?" he asked. "If so I shall ask you to hold the patient for me."

"I can do it," she replied.

"I must ask you for this for my bandage." He touched the ribbon which tied her hair.

She disengaged it with eager fingers, so eager that the bonny brown locks fell loose upon her shoulders, and, when she shook her head in impatient discomfort, they unrolled themselves slowly to her waist.

It was too much for Lady Arthur, altogether too much; she chafed and fumed, switching her riding-whip vindictively amongst the crimped leaves of a beech-tree within her reach.

"And pray, Captain Thynne," she asked, with freezing politeness, "how much longer are we to delay our ride for Miss Holmby's misplaced compassion?"

"Only two minutes longer, mother," replied Gerald, without turning his head.

And Cissy, looking up with tears in her eyes, said, humbly—

"I beg your pardon, Lady Arthur."

Olive sat on her horse silent and patient, watching Gerald.

"He is tender," she thought. "How beautiful tenderness is in a man! I am glad he is tender!"

"Finished!" cried Gerald; "Now for a council of war. What is to be done with the

wounded? we can't leave him on the field, you know."

"My advice is not likely to be taken," said Lady Arthur, coldly, "but still I must say that the shortest way would be to wring its neck, as I said before."

"What! and waste all my surgery?" cried Gerald, gaily. "Miss Bankes, can you offer a more merciful suggestion?"

"I was thinking," said Olive, "that we shall pass the north lodge presently; we might leave the patient in Mrs. Hepburn's care; she is a kind creature. Or"—seeing Cissy's wistful look—"we can send one of her boys with it and a note to Mrs. Gaythorn, and then, Cissy, dear, you will find it in your room when you get back, and have all the glory of nursing it into convalescence."

They alighted at the lodge, to Lady Arthur's ill-concealed disgust, and a curly-headed little "Dannel" was despatched to the hall with Gerald's first surgical effort, carefully bestowed upon a nest of soft grass in the bottom of Mrs. Hepburn's butter-basket.

It was when mounting Olive again, after this interruption, that Gerald wondered for the first time at the tiny grace of the dainty little hand which met his for one moment, as he gathered up the reins and laid them in it. Even the thick riding-glove could not make it larger than a well-grown child's. Gerald was dissatisfied all day afterwards with the broad development of his own handsome hand, and it was with a strange feeling, almost of tenderness, that he recurred again and again to those small, child-like fingers.

It was late when the party returned to the hall; their excursion had been to visit some ruins a good way off. Miss Ursula urged her kind hospitality upon Lady Arthur, and Lady Arthur, tired and hungry, was well inclined to accept it and disinclined to go further. She dismounted and sent her horse to the stable.

"I promised to spend the evening with Miss Hetty Boshe," she said, as she rested on the drawing-room sofa with a cup of tea before her, "and my maid is waiting there with my dress. Gerald might ride down and make some excuse for me, and send Lucy on here. Say that I am not well enough to go to her to-night, Gerald."

He looked grave. "Miss Hetty will be disappointed, mother. Don't you think it would be better to go? She has made her preparations, and Mrs. Arkwright is to be there to meet you. She called all that out to me as I passed her window this morning."

"Say that I am ill; that will be a sufficient excuse."

"But I cannot say it."

"Why not?" she asked, sharply.

"Because it is not true, mother." He came close to her and stooped over her to say it.

She laughed a short, disagreeable laugh, then she rose.

"This young officer, Miss Ursula," she said, "has a very scrupulous conscience this evening. I shall be obliged, therefore, to leave your pleasant society." And she took her leave.

"Will you come back, Captain Thynne, and dine with us? I presume Miss Hetty does not expect you."

"No, no," he said, "I shall be glad to come back, thank you."

Olive saw them ride away, Lady Arthur with averted head and a displeased air. She knew, they all knew there, what Miss Hetty's preparations for receiving such a guest as Lady Arthur meant, how serious a disappointment the failure of her party would be to the good maiden lady, and how unkind Lady Arthur's defection would have been.

"He is true," thought Olive, as she looked after Gerald. "I am glad he is true."

Why was she glad? She did not ask herself.

It was perhaps ten o'clock on that same evening. Miss Ursula sat by the first fire of the season, for the wind had risen cold, when Jervis, the well-disciplined butler, entered the room, shutting the door carefully behind him. Threading his way with consummate dexterity and address behind the backs of unoccupied chairs, he arrived at last at his mistress's footstool. Standing there with his hands mechanically arranged for holding the habitual silver salver—although this time salver there was none—Mr. Jervis, with the deliberation demanded by proper respect, made the announcement—

"A messenger has just arrived, ma'am, with the news that the north lodge is on fire."

Miss Ursula dropped her knitting and turned pale; Captain Thynne and Olive started simultaneously to their feet.

"Where is the messenger?" cried Miss Ursula, recovering herself.

"Here, in the hall, ma'am."

"Tell him to come in. No, I will go to him. And, Jervis, send all the men down at once and go yourself; take buckets and blankets; bring the poor things here. Tell Mrs. Gaythorn to come to me." All this as she stepped quickly towards the hall.

There sat the messenger, a shock headed lad, breathless with running, and with the ruddy color mottled in his face with fear.

"How long has the fire been burning?" asked Miss Ursula.

"I don't know, marm," said the lad. "My master and me we seed it a-coming out of the kitchen winder as we come past from Estwick Market; we shouted, we did, but we couldn't wake 'em at first."

"Good Heavens!" cried Miss Ursula, "were they in bed? Hepburn has seven children."

"Yes, marm," returned the boy. "And the fire's all below, and they can't get down-stairs. Master he sent me up here for help to get 'em out."

Miss Ursula uttered a cry. Turning round she met Captain Thynne, already greatcoated, with his deer-stalker in his hand.

"I am going down to the lodge, Miss Armytage, and will see that everything is done. Perhaps you would send one of the grooms at once to Estwick for the engine: it would be too late to save the cottage, but there are the buildings of the home farm near, and the wind his high and sets that way."

He hastened out; on the steps stood Olive and Cissy, cloaked and shawled, prepared to accompany him. He turned back into the house.

"Miss Olive and Miss Holmby, it is not fit weather or a fit scene for you. Miss Armytage, tell these young ladies they must not go."

But Miss Ursula had disappeared to hurry her men and to direct the housekeeper to prepare warm beds for the sufferers and refreshments for the workers.

"Captain Thynne," said Olive, with quiet determination, "we *must* go. Do you think we can sit quietly at home whilst little children are in danger?"

"Come, then," he said. One glance at the resolute face, as it turned to the light to answer him, had shown him that no argument would avail against her intention.

Minutes were precious to them. As they hurried across the park a red glare lighted up the darkness of the sky and showed that the fire had taken good hold. They pressed on without speaking. Only Gerald's watchfulness—ever on the alert for a felled tree, or a drooping branch, or a sudden descent of the uneven ground—silently saved the others from more than one threatened mischance. A hill lay between them and the lodge; its brow was crowned by a knoll of beech-trees, and the pitchy darkness was illumined here by the flames from the burning cottage lying just below. It would have been a beautiful sight but for the horror of human lives in jeopardy, and that they were in jeopardy was terribly evident from the agonized shrieks which met the three as they neared the crowd of men, women, and children moving confusedly about in the glare of the flames. It was no time for elaborate courtesy.

"Stay here," said Gerald to the two girls, laying an authoritative hand upon each arm; then he strode in amongst the people.

"The child! the child!" they clamored round him; and then he saw at the upper window, already wreathed with flame, the fluttering, white-robed figure of a little child. Hepburn was safe, the mother too; they had rushed out, through the flames and smoke, each heavily laden with children, and the man had thought to return for this one, but the flames meanwhile had seized upon the staircase and cut off the communication, whilst the little creature driven back by the smoke and heat, clung to the little latticed window and shrieked for help. There were ladders at the farm, and water not thirty yards off in the lake, but the crowd could only huddle helplessly together and cry out that the child was lost! The captain's voice of command rang out clear and cool, and the motley throng obeyed as instantly and instinctively as if they had been his trained company, and the burning lodge the enemy's guns.

It is wonderful how the influence of education and station tells in such emergencies. I remember well how—in a case of cottage calamity, when a group of ignorant women hung over a poor scalded babe trying all their village remedies—how they made way for me, with the words, "Do what the lady tells you—she can read."

So now the crowd at the fire followed their leader. The men from the hall poured down the hill in a body—twenty stout men and lads, laden with pails and buckets, headed by Jervis himself. Quick as thought they fell into rank, each man stripped to his shirt, and the buckets, filled from the lake, passed from hand to hand of the long chain of men, were emptied upon the burning mass. The well-directed torrent told, or perhaps the fury of the destroying element had exhausted itself for the moment, for through the black gap left by the fallen outer wall the staircase showed now, blackened and charred, but apparently intact, flames above and smoking ruins below.

"A ladder! Five sovereigns to the man who brings a ladder in as many minutes!"

Gerald snatched a blanket as he spoke, emptied the nearest bucket upon it, wrapped it round him, leaped the smoking barrier, and had mounted the staircase with flying feet before the crowd had even guessed his intention. The men greeted the act with loud huzzahs. The women cried, "God bless him!" But, at the same instant, the treacherous fire, as if it had only made a feint of subjection in order to entice this new victim, burst out afresh, and hurled the loosened staircase to the ground, filling the momentary void with leaping tongues of flame.

"I cannot look!" groaned Cissy Holmby, covering her dizzy eyes with her hands. "Oh, Olive! pray for him!"

Olive was on her knees already, her pale face upturned to where Gerald was tearing at the latticed casement. There was an exultant throb at her heart which mastered all the fear.

"He is brave," she thought—"I'm glad he is brave! and so generous! he gives his life for a little child's."

"The ladder! the ladder!" shouted twenty voices. It was the only way left.

They planted it against the framework of the window. The aperture he had made was but narrow, yet he struggled through; his feet were on the topmost rung, the child was hanging round his neck, when the ladder itself gave way and fell amongst the flames, dashing upwards a blinding shower of sparks. He caught at the wooden point of the gable—to fall was to sink into the hungry flames below—he gained a moment's footing, and sprang upwards on to the roof itself, an oasis in the raging wilderness of fire. He hesitated for one instant, standing there with a child passive in his grasp in bold relief against a background of burning chestnut-trees, dropping their leaves like splashes of molten gold, splendid to behold. It was a terrible straight.

"Hold a blanket there," he shouted, "four of you; take the corners—so. Now, steady!"

He threw the little one with unerring aim, and it was safe in its mother's arms!

"The ladder now, again!"

They planted it once more, toiling almost amidst the flames; it rested for an instant; he leaped upon the centre rung and thence to the ground, and whilst the ladder sank behind him on to the roaring pile, and a huge branch of the chestnut-tree, thundering from its support, smote the roof where he had stood an instant since, he was received in fifty welcoming arms. The people pressed around him, almost delirious with excitement; they shook his hands, they held their children up to look at him, and one woman with sunburnt skin and coarsened features, with scanty garments, and ragged, unkempt hair, just laid her head against his breast and sobbed aloud!

Begrimed with smoke, his feet scorched and his hands cruelly blistered, staggering as he walked, he made his way to where Olive stood apart, trembling but triumphant, for she was of the true stuff of which were made those brave women of old who sent their heroes forth to fight, and buckled on the sword and shield, and received them back again when glory had done with them, wounded, maimed, and dying, and made moan over them only in their secret hearts.

Reaching her, his strength all spent, he reeled and sank at her feet.

What did she do? What any true woman would do in like case. What that woman with the ragged locks would have done if Olive had not. She sat down and took his head upon her lap, bathing his wan temples with the water they hastened to bring her, and binding up his blistered wounds with her own handkerchief.

Oh, if Gerald could but wake! The dainty little hand he had touched with so much respect in the morning was busied about him in tender and familiar contact. What would he have given to have been conscious then!

Jervis came near.

"Woodham has gone to Estwick for Doctor Challis, miss, and I have sent to the house for a carriage. Is the captain to go to Hazelrigge Lodge or to the hall?"

She hesitated only a moment—she was a true woman and a brave one, as I have said.

"To the hall, Jervis; it is three miles nearer."

Ten minutes more and Miss Ursula's barouche was seen whirled towards them at the best speed of the fine bay horses.

"Beg pardon, miss"—the speaker was a big, broad-chested laborer, one of the foremost workers at the fire—"hope no offence, but there's no chaise wanted to-night for him as saved Hepburn's little Dannel, and risked his own life, and him a lord's son too, as free as if 'twas for one of his own. No, no, marm, here's a mattress and six stout shoulders, and—beg pardon again, marm—he'll go no other way!"

"Lift him gently!" was all she could answer. There was no need for the injunction. Those great rough men were as tender as nursing-mothers. They bore him to the hall, whilst Miss Ursula's carriage kept pace with them, Miss Ursula herself inside, Cissy, exhausted with weeping and emotion, lying in her arms, and Olive watching from the window the silent form which, covered from the keen north wind, only seemed to move when the moonlight shadows waved athwart it.

The Estwick engine was playing on the fire when the cavalcade started, and Hepburn, his wife and children had been long since safely housed and under Mrs. Gaythorn's care.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R. 3, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Science long avoided that most prominent of all questions, the necessities of mankind. It heeded not that while it was measuring the stars the world was enduring the stripes. No thought of present utility moved those great truth-seekers whose deeds shine, like stars, above the ages. They sought knowledge, not profit, yielding to that noblest phase of curiosity, the desire to learn the secrets of Nature.

"To know," formed the infinitive tense of their lives, while all the world besides was conjugating the verb "To gain." Not content to stand blind amid endless mysteries, but athirst to open the closed book of the universe and read its mighty runes, they lent their lives to what seemed a glorious but fruitless task.

Intellect gravitated to the throne, and the throne stifled investigation into social laws and social evils. Abstract philosophy and science seemed innocent and harmless studies, and might amuse certain restless brains not content to accept things as they were; so the rulers permitted their wise men to settle all the affairs of the Solar system, but put an absolute interdict on questions relating to the Social system.

Men in those days only knew that they suffered, not why they suffered. Their mode of redress was muscular, not mental—a direct surging of the populace against the granite breastworks of privilege and royalty; whose foundations they blindly left standing, for the next usurper to build upon. Ignorance may rend tyranny after tyranny, and tyrants in new shapes will arise from the ashes of the old. The only durable conquests are those made by knowledge over ignorance. Yet even in those ages some eyes dimly beheld the great natural rights of the people, the natural limitations of authority, some weak voices protested against the reign of aristocratic privilege and popular enslavement. But not until our age have these loose threads of protest been gathered and woven into a web of connected thought. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," printed the first edition of the future, the opening argument in that grand appeal from the decision of the lower court of the Divine right of Kings to the Supreme Court of the Natural rights of the People, which has since his time found so many able advocates.

Daily we are turning new pages in the book of time, reading deeper and deeper into that future of which he has given us the title page. Political Economy is one wide branch of the subject which is rapidly growing into a completed system. The laws of Population, of Produce and Supply, of Interest, Finance, Insurance, of every subject of national importance, are being widely investigated. The advance in Statistics marks most clearly the character of our era. Society is becoming a mere numerical equation, yearly summed up and a correct balance struck. Misery is no longer allowed its old privilege of secrecy. It is dragged from its dens and put into figures. Crime is hunted out by all the sciences. Lightning pursues the criminal. The Sun paints his likeness and investigates his deeds. All discoveries in Optical and Organic science aid in throwing light on his dark secrets. Sanitary reform everywhere drags Malaria from its hiding places. Thousands of eyes explore every nook of society, and numberless woful secrets are coming to light. Centuries of usage are not deep enough to hide a national evil from their gaze.

It is full time for the inauguration of a system of social science which, with its reviews and professors, may make an organized research into the ancient creeds of state and people; full time for the principles of the social compact to be thoroughly understood. It will not answer for the state to escape the searching investigation to which the individual is subjected. The wide mantle of government hides many a monstrous shape within the gloom of its darker folds. It must be spread wide to the eyes of the people. All dim phantoms of prerogative must be driven out from its shelter, till it clothes only the glorious form of Liberty. Our statute books are full of fossil laws meant for conditions of society long since extinct. Would that some discriminating conflagration could scorch them all out, and a dozen or so of our truly ablest and wisest be chosen to invent a new code. We would gain in the three cardinal points of simplicity, sense, and justice.

In fact, so long has the social fabric lain fallow that it has become covered by an immense growth of strange weeds, so rooted into its frame as to become almost impossible to eradicate. There is ample work for our new science. God's intention lies somewhere hidden under man's invention; and piece by piece it is coming out, as the weedy growth of time is torn by the roots from its substance. The process is painful but necessary, and the glorious fact lying under this weight of fable, is worth all the pain of its unfoldment.

CONTENT.

Content is a fortune to its possessor though he be clad in rags; the discontented man is poor though he wear velvet. There are some things which money cannot buy, and of these the chief is Happiness. He who is thoroughly satisfied with his lot, has attained the summit of mortal felicity. The Vermonter who considered himself rich with three hundred dollars clear of the world was a wealthy man. Not comparatively, perhaps, but positively so; wealthy in his own opinion, and what better criterion of wealth could we assume?

Yet useful as perfect content is to the individual, a certain degree of individual discontent is necessary to the state. Stagnation in the people is fatal to national progress. Were we all satisfied to remain in the positions into which chance has cast us, the world would still be in its root-digging instead of its railroad-building epoch. It is the restless striving for something better, some condition beyond our present reach, or some possible good beyond our present vision, that has lifted mankind to its lofty position. Though discontent have its base phases, there is a certain thirsting after perfection that is full of nobleness, a desire to escape from low conditions and debasing toil that more than aught else has contributed to the world's advance.

There is besides a species of refined discontent yet more noble; a revolt against darkness where light exists. A strife for knowledge, which has unlocked the gates of a thousand mysteries, and won from the heart of Nature her choice secrets. With utter contentment we would yet be savages. Discontent has proved the world's evangel, lifting it from poverty and ignorance into wealth and knowledge.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Mrs. J. C. Ayers, of Clinton, Mass., writes under date of Oct. 21st:—

"I received the Sewing Machine on Friday the 16th inst., and like it very much. I have partly learned to use it, and think it will be of great service to me. Please accept many thanks for it. In our last paper I saw your new prospectus for the coming year. I am going to try to get you some more subscribers. I will do the best I can, for I feel amply paid for my trouble."

Mrs. Robert Mackerell, of Bellvale, Orange Co., New York, says under date of Oct. 16th:—

"I take this method of acknowledging the receipt of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, and it works well. Please accept my thanks for the punctual and satisfactory manner in which you have performed your part of the agreement."

☞ A recent letter from an old subscriber at Newport, Vermont, contains the following, which was very pleasant for us to read:—

"The POST has been a constant visitor at our fireside for the last twenty years, and to lose its cheerful and smiling face now would be like losing a dear old friend. Our children have grown up under its genial influence; and the valuable instruction they have received from its weekly visits is highly prized and appreciated by them. Its first visit to us found us just starting on the journey of life, and we have grown gray with it in our hands. Our wish is that we may be able to have it with us till our lamp of life burns out."

☞ A couple of young Boston ladies attending school at Wilbraham, who had often been reproved for doing wrong, were expelled the first of last week, and deeply feeling their shame and disgrace, took each a dose of laudanum, and came near dying.

☞ The Lafayette (Ind.) Journal says the apple crop in that vicinity is very abundant this season, and a great deal of cider is being manufactured and brought to market. It is offered freely at prices ranging from $2 50 to $5 per barrel, according to quality.

☞ Mr. Haddleston, an M. P., and counsel for the Queen, arrived at Baden Baden, and duly registered his name. Some mischief-maker, in a good counterfeit hand, added to the signature, "tuft-hunter and toady," and the offensive insinuation appeared in full in the innocent German morning papers.

☞ The Newark (N. J.) Courier thus advertises a poetic contribution: "The contributor who sends us a poem entitled 'The Girls of Bloomingdale,' is requested to take it away, and no questions asked."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PICTURE OF ST. JOHN. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and also for sale by Pitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Philada. A beautifully printed volume of 220 pages, containing the poem which Mr. Taylor thinks his best performance in the poetical line—and of which probably we shall have more to say hereafter, when we have read it carefully.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and also for sale by Pitcher, Philada. There are twelve essays in this volume, on Thackeray, Hawthorne, Everett, Star King, Agassiz, Washington, Heroic Character, &c. Whipple always writes what is worth reading.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.—The "Diamond Tennyson," just published by Ticknor & Fields, may be regarded as a model of beauty, compactness, and cheapness in book-making. It comprises the entire poems of Tennyson, issued in a new form, and at a price which will place it within the reach of all. The type, though of small size, is very clear and legible. For sale also by Pitcher, Philada.

Thirty Years' Captivity Among the Indians—Remarkable Career of a Boy.

Thirty years ago, when Jackson was a little hamlet of two or three hundred persons, a young woman might have been seen, one sultry day in August, accompanied by a little boy five years old, wending her way towards a grove in the neighboring town of Blackman, for the purpose of engaging in the then common pastime of picking berries. The young woman, after toiling away for a while, became annoyed with the ceaseless importunities of the child, and sent him home. She thought nothing more of the matter till, upon her return in the evening, she was surprised to find that the boy had not returned.

In reply to the queries of the anxious parents the girl related the circumstances narrated above, and added that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the child. Day after day passed, and still the missing member of the distracted family did not return, nor could any tidings of him be heard by his agonized parents. Finally, after every searching party who went out to find the missing one had returned and reported their mission fruitless, and after all hope of ever seeing their darling boy again had vanished from the minds of the afflicted parents, suspicion began to fasten upon the young woman, who was a servant in the family.

She again asserted her innocence, and stated that she knew nothing of the missing boy from the time she had sent him homeward. In spite of her protestations, however, she was arrested for the murder of the boy and incarcerated in the rude lock-up, which had been erected by the early settlers. Here she was kept for a time till it became apparent that no evidence against her could be obtained, when she was discharged from custody, still asserting her innocence to the parents of the child, who longed for some tidings that would dispel the uncertainty which hung over them like a cloud. Their hopes were doomed to disappointment, however, as nothing could be heard of the missing one, and he was finally numbered with the dead, the parents giving up all hopes of ever hearing from their lost boy again.

Years passed, and the little hamlet became a large and flourishing city. The solitude which formerly reigned on the banks of the Grand River was broken by the mechanic and the artisan, and the air resounded with the busy hum of industry. Nearly all the old settlers had passed away, and another generation succeeded them. Among the many new comers was a son-in-law of the afflicted family, Mr. J. Z. Ballard, our fellow-townsman, who was greatly surprised, a few days since, to learn that the boy who had long been numbered with the dead, had arrived in the southern part of this State, and was making inquiries after his family. The boy had grown to be a stalwart man of thirty-five. His countenance had become bronzed by continuous exposure to the elements, and his sinewy frame hardened by repeated adventures in the Western wilds.

He stated that he had but a dim recollection of his former home, but vividly remembered the time when two stalwart forms with red visages crossed his path, snatched him up in their arms and carried him off amidst his piteous cries for his loving mother. Since that time he has been constantly with the Indians—joined them in their hunting expeditions, and followed their trail as they journeyed toward the setting sun. He learned to speak the language of the Pottawatomies—for that was the name of the tribe with whom the greater part of his life had been spent—and in answer to his repeated inquiries, his captors told him that they had stolen him from Jackson county, and that his name was Willey.

The Indians confounded this name with Filly, which is the real name of his father. Mr. Ballard went in quest of the missing one, and, upon arriving at the place where he had been making inquiries, was told that he had gone away, but would return in a few days, when he will proceed to the home of his aged parents, to make glad the hearts of an afflicted father and mother. Truly, "truth is stranger than fiction."—*Jackson (Mich.) Citizen.*

CENSUS STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.—A valuable statistical table, exhibiting the rate of increase in the population of the different states in the Union since the census of 1860, is now in course of preparation at the Department of the Interior. The census of 1865 has been received by the Department from seven states, and the increase of population, even during the existing war, in which the mortality was unusually large, is as follows: Minnesota, forty per cent; Illinois, twenty-six per cent; Wisconsin, twelve per cent.; Iowa, twelve per cent; Michigan, seven and five-tenths per cent.; Rhode Island, four per cent; Massachusetts, three per cent. Taking the general average of this increase—thirteen and one-half per cent.—as a fair representation of the ratio of increase in the other states, the Census Bureau estimates that the population of the United States and Territories has increased from 31,443,321—the number found by the census of 1860—to 35,500,000.

☞ Several horses were killed by grasshoppers in Lyons township, Ill., recently. The horses, in feeding, took them into their mouths, when the grasshoppers bit their tongues, and made them so sore that they would not eat, and so starved to death.

☞ If the crew of a vessel want young chickens, let them put their eggs in the hatchway.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY COSMO.

LAST LOOK AT POTOSI—GOING NORTH—CHANGING COURSE—A SINGULAR VALLEY—LAKE PARIA—A SINGULAR CITY—A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY—A REMARKABLE RIVER—DESPOBLADO—BAD WINDS.

We had passed eleven days in the highest and *lowest* city in the world, and it was getting high time for us to get out of a Sodom above the clouds, where to prevent having one's throat cut quietly in bed, it was absolutely necessary to go out at midnight and cut the throats of two or three score of cut-throats, or what is much the same thing, to shoot and hew them down so long as one could find a vagabond to shoot and hew.

I had forgotten to observe while on our way to or remaining in the silver city of South America, that the site of Potosi is about thirteen thousand four hundred feet above the sea level—elevated enough, one would think, to have a purer atmosphere, both moral and physical. So it would but for its silver and its enchantment which draws from all corners of the world the vilest human element to be found in them, concentrating in Potosi all of sin, degradation and abomination with which it is possible to people a city of moral and physical barbarians.

Our design had been to journey northeast a hundred miles, direct to the Bolivian capital; but we had read so frequently, heard so much, and after all, knew so little of four wonders lying in another direction—the extensive table tract called *Despoblado*, (uninhabited) the most singular plateau—the river *Desaquadero*, the most mysterious river—Lake Titticaca, the most incomprehensible lake, and the great Andean bowl, the most remarkable basin upon the face of the whole earth, that curiosity and impatience to look upon these wonders drew us with forty-fold force in their direction, and so the visit to Chequisaca was put by to some more convenient opportunity.

Going down due North by a rugged, but on the average a gradual descent towards the clouds, a day's ride, we changed our course to West through a vast ravine strait, dry, and almost level, looking like an immense canal as old as the world drained dry since the deluge, and these three thousand years in disuse. Emerging on the third day towards noon from the western extremity of the ravine out on to a sloping plain, along the western edge at the distance of two leagues lay an aqueous enigma not enumerated in the list of Andean wonders—Lake Paria, a beautiful lakelet of pure cold water, in extent no more than about one league in width, by two and a half in length, with low shores, and magnificent beach of fine white sand, full of water to the brim, having no visible outlet, yet receiving the entire volume of the Desaquadero, a river of sufficient size one would imagine to fill up and overflow a lake ten times the dimensions of Paria in two days. And yet there lies the little lake a beautiful mountain mirror, always thirsty, everlastingly drinking the entire river, a section of which, five leagues in length contains more water than the lake itself, and yet gaining nothing—never filled.

About the shores of Lake Paria, which is abundantly supplied with fine fish of several varieties, all small, however, and none of them found in any other South American lake or river, there are a few scattered inhabitants, mostly native Peruvians and half-breeds, who subsist mainly by fishing and the scanty stock of vegetables they are able to produce in this elevated alpine region.

Lake Paria is located on the southwestern border of that strange region of desolation, called in Spanish *Despoblado*—in English a desert; and northeast from the northern end of the little lake, distant about four leagues is situated the town of Orura, in several peculiarities making the fifth wonder of this elevated Andean region. We gave four days to Orura before paying our respects to the "*uninhabited land*" within the borders of which it lay, and if my judgment is not at fault, a paragraph or two descriptive of the town and characteristics of its inhabitants will be worth the writing and reading.

In all southern South America we had never seen such another town or people. In all northern South America there is no other town like it or people like them. Eight hundred dwellings—so they informed us, we did not count—affording home and shelter to four thousand people, old and young—I believe five hundred less would have been nearer correct—all rich men, and women and children, all hale, hearty, happy and brim full of hospitality, clamorously but courteously offering us of everything they possessed, and insisting upon its acceptance.

The first noticeable peculiarity of the Ororians was their pure Spanish speech, speaking Castilian as correctly as it was ever spoken in Castile itself. This feature, however, is not so very strange, as the entire population is a sort of kindred family, made up of descendants from ancestors who came among the earliest colonists from Old Castile, and down to the present day there has been known, so they tell us, of but three intermarriages with outside parties. The first of these was seventy years before we saw Orura, between the lovely daughter of one of the chief judges and a young gentleman, son of an English earl, who for love of his Ororian wife had forsworn his country, forsaken family and friends, abjured his religion, becoming a Roman Catholic, and the happiest husband in all Bolivia, then richer than the richest Ororian of them all, and the father of a respectable family, numbering twenty-three sons and daughters.

The other instances were of recent occurrence—only a year, or about that before our visit to Orura. Somehow a genteel, gentlemanly young Baltimorean, with more money than he knew how to spend, had wandered round Cape Horn and down to Callao, and got into some difficulty one day with the soldier police, who were lugging him off to the *cadee*, when a jolly young second mate of a big Boston ship sailed in to *el Saldados*, capsized them starboard and port, "cut out" their captive, and carried him off in triumph.

The Baltimorean, grateful for Boston's ready relief, bought him off from captain, consul, and ship, and entered into indentures of everlasting friendship, forming an alliance offensive and defensive in which Frank Boyd of Baltimore agreed to furnish the funds, and Harry Gilmer of Boston the fighting, the fun being divided between them equally.

So dos los Yankees went a wandering, and away into the interior, and once between Lake Paria and Orura they fell in with a party of Ororians—among them several bright-eyed senoras, and a stronger party of *ladrones*, who were plundering the "party of the first part," and going to massacre the men and maltreat the women. Harry Gilmer fought the vagabonds five times more fiercely than he had fought the soldier-police in Callao, and Frank Boyd fought three times more savagely than Gilmer, and between them there was a slaughter of the majority of the miscreants, and a rapid flight of the remainder.

Then of course the two young Americans were heroes with the rescued Ororians, and being carried away with them—more especially by two beautiful, brown, black-eyed senoritas, they entered Orura in triumph; and some two months later, were citizen sons-in-law to two of the richest old dons in the city. So we found amidst all our miscellaneous welcomes, a Baltimore and Boston one that amounted to conscription that drew away a third part of our party to become their especial guests.

In shape, the town of Orura is an oddity—shaped like a spread fan, or the desk arrangements of our National chamber of representatives, the place of the pivot of the fan, or Speaker's desk in the chamber, being occupied by all the public buildings enclosed in a pretty square—only the *square* itself is semi-circular, and the streets, wide, straight, clean and well-kept, radiating from it, making of the city itself a perfect semi-circle.

The buildings are uniform in size and fashion, two-storied stuccoed *adobes*, colored a soft sort of russet brown instead of the everlasting glaring white or dingy mud-color of all other South American towns. Standing singly, and surrounded by brown walls with an ornamental arched entrance, every dwelling having in front a parterre, and in flank gardens supplied with such flowers, trees, fruits, and vegetables as the alpine climate will permit to live, the appearance of the town is unique and pretty indeed.

But the greatest wonder is the wealth of the Ororians, or rather its source. That was a mystery that at first puzzled us exceedingly. Situated as they were in an isolated, unproductive territory, up in the air twelve thousand feet high, having no herds, no commerce, nothing to sell, and all to buy except such supplies of fruits and vegetables as the top of the Andes will produce, it is no wonder that a stranger should wonder at the wealth, and comfort, and prosperity of Orura and its people. But being informed that the earliest ancestors of the present population came to Peru, and thence to the position out of which they have made Orura, all capitalists, and that they invested their means largely in mines of gold, silver, copper, tin, and antimony in all directions, and became proprietors of productive, and prosperous estates in the lower regions on both sides of the Andes, all of which property their descendants have largely added to and still hold, deriving from it immense revenues, themselves living mountain money kings far above the clouds or cares of lower life—being thus instructed, the wonder as to the Ororian's wealth ceases, and one then begins to wonder why with such wealth, these people should thus shut themselves out from makind on top of the Andes, in a region so desolate and inhospitable. This question the Ororians themselves answer frankly and satisfactorily to themselves, if not to strangers:

"The place for some reason that we do not know, suited our ancestors. They built here a beautiful town, and it suits us."

There are good schools, able teachers, four fine churches, intelligent, and what is better, gentlemanly and pious priests, order, equity, and independence, and not a drunkard, desperado, vagabond, or beggar in Orura. There is a sample of civilization such as South America affords no other instance of.

Going westward again from Orura we came to the river wonder, the Desaguadero, probably the only river in the world that actually flows through its whole course up hill. As the outlet of Lake Titticaca, the Desaguadero is a narrow, modest stream, running with a sluggish current in nearly a straight line, and course due southeast—not through a valley or plain as rivers everywhere else on earth do, but along the very crest of a sharp sierra that slopes down abruptly on the north-east side towards the *Despoblado*, and westwardly towards the lesser plateau, and lower Andes. In short the river is a natural viaduct along the top of a towering mountain, and besides that, a phenomenon that has nothing like it elsewhere, the mysteries of which are inexplicable.

The entire length of this singular canal which connects Titticaca and Paria lakes is about two hundred and thirty miles, and as Paria is found by barometrical and other scientific measurement to be four hundred and seventy-two feet higher than the surface of Titticaca, the average up hill flow of the Desaguadero is a fraction over two feet to the mile through its entire length. But the current is not thus uniformly distributed, as at its leaving Titticaca, the flow is scarcely perceptible, increasing in strength gradually and uniformly throughout its entire course, until it finally pours its waters into the miniature lake of Paria a broad, deep, rapid river, running three and a-half miles an hour, seemingly discharging five times the volume of water it receives from Lake Titticaca, and that too, independent of the contribution of a single stream, great or small, along its entire course.

Having nothing upon which to build a probable theory, I shall attempt no explanation of this singular phenomenon, which has puzzled a good many other Andean wanderers besides our Bohemian party. These are the facts, attested by other authority than Cosmo; though I am sorry that Lieut. Gibbons, usually so observant, so scientifically capable, and almost always so thorough in investigation and correct in description, should have passed the Desaguadero and its singular characteristics, with only a mere mention of the river's existence.

North-eastward from the Desaguadero and between it and Mount Illimoni, lies the strange plateau of Despoblado, a wide, desolate waste, destitute of vegetation and animal occupation, bleak by times, a cold, chilling blast from the south-east sweeping over it, so raw, and—well, there is something else than rawness in a wind that chafes the skin until blood oozes from the pores, and one smarts and aches as if stung all over with hornets and then scourged as a top dressing with nettles. Then this freezing wind will suddenly change to a hot, stifling blast, blistering and chafing just as severely as the cold wind, and coming from the same quarter. The phenomenon seems as inexplicable as that of the Desaguadero. But having no business in the interior of a waste so uninviting, and no inclination to go where we had no business, we left the riddle of the *Despoblado*, for others to solve if they can.

A Pleasure Trip.

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA,
Sept. 16th, 1866.

Dear Post:—Will my old friends indulge me a little—grant me pardon for seeming neglect—in failing to recount all that I have seen in my travels here—and allow me to come now with my "mite" to make some amends? The truth is so many persons write about California, people are apt to constantly repeat the stories of others. But I fancy less has been said about this valley than many others, and I will give the result of my own experience here, which may be somewhat new, especially to the ladies to whom it may be novel as well as new.

We made a brief visit *en passant* to the State Fair at Sacramento, where we saw the large fruits and vegetables so much talked of. In seeing it is still hard to realize the truth of those fabulous stories. But I will give a word or two on what we saw. Governor Lyon, of our party, stood up by some corn tied to a column, and the top of whose stalks touched the ceiling. He is five feet nine—and the ears of corn on the stalks were as much as a foot above his head. There were squashes of many varieties—some long ones fully a yard in length—watermelons, cantaloupes, beets, and other things matching in size. I have in my possession at this moment a peach measuring 12½ inches in circumference, and weighing one pound—brought in by a lady of Grass Valley from her garden. I have a peach stone in my pocket as large as an ordinary peach in your markets, which I shall bring back with me to the States when I return.

But the most interesting features of the fair were the silk and cotton manufactured in the state, and very beautiful. The articles were exhibited in cocoon and pod, from the primal state, through all the degrees of manufacture to the culmination of webs, ready for scissors and needle. This, in addition to the gold, silver, copper, quicksilver, &c., gives California a high rank with her sister states. I should not wonder if she showed a disposition to queen it right royally when she shall have reached the maturity of her powers.

Leaving Sacramento by the six o'clock train A. M. on the Central Pacific we reached Colfax before noon, at which point we took the stage for Grass Valley. And now I shall tell you something which you may feel disposed to doubt, but I have too many witnesses on my side to sustain the assertion if you do question my veracity. Inside of the coach were packed—men, women and children, *twenty eight* souls! Outside eighteen! The coach was large, and six fine horses stamped in the harness impatiently. When ready to start, those horses bounded away under a load of fifty-six hundred weight—luggage and all—and they made the thirteen miles in one hour and a half!

The greater part of the way the dust was blown back behind us, and was of slight consequence. But the last four miles it followed us, and nearly smothered team and all. Fully a foot deep, and without a drop of water for six months to lay it, how could it be otherwise? Those inside came out looking like clay banks. We who rode on top fared rather better. In the East a lady would be dismayed at the idea of sitting perched up beside the driver on a stage coach; but here it is the seat of honor, gladly assumed; and from which a most magnificent view is obtained of the country through which we pass.

Behind me the gentlemen of our party sat smoking and chatting. I was too much absorbed in noting the wonderous skill of our driver and the beauties of the country to heed what they said. We were passing over steep winding roads at a rapid pace, and as we made sudden turns the leaders of our team swept to the very verge of the curve, made a sidelong dash, and carried the coach round with most perfect grace. I was charmed! Then it was strangely interesting to see the whole face of the country "turned up" and burrowed full of holes as if the Gnomes of the mountains had wearied of their dwelling place, and made their way to the surface, leaving the traces of their uprising in yawning gulfs and unsightly pits. Every stream bed had been washed and rewashed—and, strangest of all, down deep in a ravine, lies the very bed of a once mighty river, drained of its waters by the hand of man. The sand which has been worked over in the bed of Bear River is probably ten feet deep, and quite level with its banks. It is a strange scene to gaze down upon it from the mountain side, and speculate upon what has once passed before the eyes of the beholder. One thinks of the thousands of busy men—the earnest hearts—the ambitious hopes—the happy, triumphant successful—the despairing, wretched ones who failed. All were here once, and now, unto what parts of the earth have they all flown?—leaving this spot a matchless monument to man's ambition, industry and folly.

Walk out into the streets of any city—look at the heaven-bathed towers—the superb architecture—all the beautiful handiwork and skill of man—and you will smile with pride and pleasure at the irrepressible power within him. But they cannot impress you as this sight must—when the rolling streams are drained—their waters carried to the tops of lofty mountains—the bosom of the earth laid bare—the soil of the land purged of its precious metals where they have wrought. Men have left the print of their footsteps upon the Sierras Nevada too deeply to be erased. Before they can have faded under the hand of Time, cities, towns, villages, farms, will stamp the country redeemed civilized, and robbed of its purer beauties that it may write new pages in praise of man's power.

Grass Valley contains about forty mines which are now being worked. The largest is the Ophir Lead, on which is erected a magnificent mill called the Empire, owned by a Mr. Lee and three of his brothers-in-law. This mill is perfect in all its arrangements, and gives a pleasure to the visitor in passing through wholly unexpected. The quartz yields an average of forty dollars a ton, and is paying very handsomely. Mr. Lee in taking us through the mill kindly showed me the process of separating the gold from the quicksilver, and allowed me to take the little ball of amalgam in my hand, worth from five to six hundred dollars! It seemed strange and unreal, to think that a dark, greenish substance like that could possibly be worth so much. And two handsome specimens of quartz were presented to me, one by Mrs. Lee, containing leaves of gold like the leaves of small plants, and which can be broken off in pure flakes from the quartz. The other is veined deeply with the precious metal, and would polish beautifully as jewelry. The two contain, probably, over fifty dollars' worth of gold, and are rarely beautiful for cabinet specimens.

After visiting the mines, we drove up to Nevada City, a distance of four miles—from thence to the Yuba River, six miles further on. Here, also, the whole country has been mined. And as we descended the Yuba Mountain, from a point called David's Leap, about half way down—there is a most glorious view of the Sierra Nevada. Below us rolled the Yuba, a deep, bright yellow—twelve hundred feet from where we stood. Far away in the distance rose a high peak, forming the centre of a magnificent picture. On either side rose mountains fifteen hundred feet, almost perpendicularly from the river. It was grand beyond description. I could only hold my breath, taking in the bracing air in gasps, unable to express my feelings in any way. It seemed to me then as if words were like feathers placed in an air-tight can and let fall from the top to the bottom. They would have fallen as useless and insignificant—so I kept silent till we went down the mountain to Crystaline Brook and opened our lunch basket. Then my lips opened voluntarily, and practically expressed an appreciation of the cold, crystal waters, the bread, butter, cakes and fruits. What a delight to sit in the shade and eat, with the spicy, cool breezes sweeping down through those fragrant passes—the dark, green pines beneath us—the yellow Yuba gleaming between the dark lined banks like a thread of spiral gold! From the rocks I gathered scarlet columbines and pretty ferns—glossy leaves and tender grasses. These went into my "treasure book," keepsakes for friends.

By this time the sinking sun warned us to return, and we drove back to Nevada, and again to Grass Valley, over a well-macadamised and watered road, reaching Mr. Delano's house, where we were stopping, before five o'clock.

Here it is delightful to sit and dream over all these things. We had a most delightful morning service on Sunday, and an afternoon full of anecdotes of California and Nicaragua, from our most kind host—a man known throughout the length and breadth of this country as the humorous "Old Block"—he who has shown the "merry side" of the miner's life, and wiled many a sad mood of struggling ones into better and happier channels. So much has been written of the trials, triumphs, and wonderful phases of the miner's life, he was induced to show a different feature, and has succeeded in combining large information with mirthful incidents, which make "Chips from the Old Block" delightful companions for the traveller in this country.

The greatest trouble is in the parting from such glorious scenes and fascinating society. We must wander away into new and strange lands—but the happiness may still be ours. Memory gives us perpetually every joy once tasted. The crowning glory of an old man's life must lie in the looking back upon blessings generously given—gladly and happily received—which have made him better and stronger as he marches still onward to the end. Life is indeed strangely mixed with gall and sweetness. But if for the bitter, I may have draughts like this, give me Marah until I am drunken with her galling waters, and I will not murmur! The nectarine cup from the lofty mountain or glowing vale will but taste more delicious—and it is but just that we take the evil uncomplainingly when such good comes.

BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Paper Collars.

It seems that as long ago as 1837, repeated efforts were made by French inventors to manufacture a paper collar. They were unsuccessful. The paper of that period was found to be too fragile to stand the strain which the manufacture of collars by the "straight line" method required. It was reserved for Walter Hunt, an American, to invent what he termed the "enamelled collar"—a thin piece of muslin between two sheets of paper, which, after pressure, could not be distinguished, even by eminent experts, from similar articles made exclusively from linen. Mr. Hunt attempted to manufacture pure paper collars, but he failed as completely as the French experimenters. Three years after Mr. Hunt procured his patent, a Philadelphia capitalist purchased his machinery, and established the industry on a permanent basis. This was in 1857. The trade rapidly increased in importance until 1863, when a collar made of paper only was produced, and proved to be a merchantable article. In the same year Mr. Gray's invention of the "curved line" or "moulded collars" gave an immense impetus to the business. There are now nearly or quite eighty distinct manufactories of paper collars in the United States. There are some seventeen in active operation in the New England states. The Union Paper Collar Company of New York, which has purchased the patent of Hunt, Lockwood, Gray, and others, has a capital of three millions of dollars, and has licensed fifteen large establishments in different parts of the country. The extent of this new industry may best be estimated from the fact that from two to three millions of paper collars are consumed every day in the United States alone. The American Moulded Paper Company manufactures two or three millions monthly. If these collars are really poisonous to the human system, and if it is necessary that injurious substances should be added to paper in order to make these articles saleable, the press and the physicians of the Board of Health owe it to the public to warn everyone against the use of them. But the writer denies this, as far as collars neither glazed nor enamelled are concerned. It is true that arsenic and other dangerous substances are used to give a brilliant polish to certain glazed or enamelled collars; he affirms that his company have never used one grain of any poisonous chemical, or other unhealthy substance of whatever kind, in the manufacture of the many millions which they have put into the market. The collars are made of pure paper, and that only. The polish is given to it entirely by mechanical agencies. The sheets are polished—not glazed or enamelled—by friction as they are passed through the calendering rollers. Enamel is used, to a considerable extent—although not wholly—to give an external polish to cheap paper. It is only the best paper that will stand the test of a polishing process.—*Reader.*

☞ An Eastern steamer being in danger, recently, all on board put on life preservers, except an old lady, who said she "would rather sink than go floating around."

☞ In the handsomest and healthiest parts of London, eight-room houses do not rent higher than $300 per annum.

☞ A boy in New Orleans accidentally shot his mother dead with a toy cannon, a few days since.

☞ A boy in this state recently killed himself by eating acorns.

New York Misers.

It is not generally known that New York at the present time contains a large number of misers as inveterate and degraded as any on record, and if we had space we could give a series of portraits which would make the reader shudder. Many of these misers are old business men who have withdrawn from life and still keep up the faded signs, and beneath the garb of trade ply their money saving habits. These men will be found sitting solitary in dingy offices, filled with cobwebs and thick with the dust of years. Money-borrowers know where to go, and here these pale and threadbare fossils receive their best securities for their daily loans. Some of these half starved wretches, whose trembling hands can hardly sign a check, can draw for sums that would shake a bank. One of the richest men of the city is now to be found in just such a dingy hole as we have described, where he loans enormous sums daily. He was a merchant once, and his old sign is still up; and inside all things remain as they were a half-century ago. He suffers daily for the comforts of life, but all this is compensated for by the pleasure of accumulation. "They come to me to beg," said the old man to an acquaintance, "and there's not a beggar in New York that doesn't live as well as I do"—a statement which was quite true.

A specimen of the better class of this genus was given in the late Exchange Place robbery, where Rufus Lord, a man upward of four score, was the solitary occupant of an office which contained between $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 in stocks and securities—all his own. Here this old man sat, day after day, accumulating at the rate of $2,000 per week, no doubt hoping in due time to get rich. Such a hoard was worth tapping, and the job was one of the most successful ever done in New York.

The late Stephen Whitney was a striking instance of the commercial miser. When we knew him he had made about $10,000,000, and at the age of seventy-five was trying hard to get rich. The person and countenance of this wretched man were a study. The tremulous form, the sharpened features and the solicitous eye told of the one idea which mastered the soul. Mr. Whitney was in his day to be seen habitually in Wall street, picking his way along among the brokers and sharpers, and buying notes, of which he was a good judge. He bought none but the best, and seldom made a bad purchase. His son-in-law was in a heavy business, but his paper was not considered first-rate, the only chance of his success being that the old man would keep him up. This chance we used to hear often discussed, and on its probabilities his paper found a market. But the old man did not keep him up, and he showed himself too sharp to be gulled by so near a relative. Mr. Whitney was something of a politician, and on one occasion the leaders of his party came with an application for electioneering purposes. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "I am with you heart and body. As for money, I have none; but to help you along, I will come and sit up all night and fold ballots."

Some of these New York misers are utterly recluse, while others are social, and often meet to discuss methods of money making. The group occasionally seen in a certain old rookery, where a few millions are represented in hungry forms and seedy raiment, would be a study for an artist. The great complaint with this class is that "interest is down, money is cheap, and the country is going to ruin. Only five per cent. on good paper, and six on bond and mortgage; and as for seven-thirties, they pay well enough, but one may get his throat cut taking care of them. The world's made up of thieves and beggars, and there's no use of trying to get along."

☞ It is ascertained by the cholera returns in London, that the cases were always heavier on Mondays and Tuesdays than on any other days, owing to greater drunkenness which prevails on Saturday night, often extending over Sunday morning.

☞ A Paris letter says: "There is a slight symptom of the fashions that are to be for the winter. Bonnets, having been reduced to their simplest expression as regards volume, are to disappear entirely, and to be replaced by hats twisted into divers forms."

☞ KOSSUTH.—A Paris correspondent gives the following description of Louis Kossuth!—"It is at the *Cafe Florian*—a man of hairs so white that you do not note their thinness—bowed down, and meek and silent, yet very kindly eyed, past the young dreams of a grand free State, but waiting yet, though death seems closer than freedom; reading the journal all apart, so respected that not the busiest intruder does more irreverence than look with mild and loving askantness toward where he sits, alone, aged, very thoughtful."

☞ Twelve hundred balls are announced for the winter in New York.

☞ It was Mrs. Alice Hooper, not Sturgis, that Senator Sumner wedded.

☞ "Everything French is more elegant than that of any other nation," says a Parisian enthusiastic chronicler. "Even the crocodile brought from our possessions in Cochin China to the Jardin des Plantes is more elegant than the horrid beast of a crocodile brought from the shores of the Nile." As a bit of self-complacency that will do.

☞ The Agricultural Department has reports from various regions establishing the fact, that notwithstanding the recent heavy rains and early frosts, we shall have this fall the largest corn crop ever produced in America. With wheat and other grain generally, the remark will be found equally applicable.

☞ Professor Worthern, State Geologist of Illinois, in his report just published on the geological survey of the State, indorses the assertion of Lyell, that this continent has been inhabited by men for at least 100,000 years.

☞ The Oxford Democrat tells how a girl in Woodstock broke her neck and had it set again. Twelve years ago she fell down stairs and dislocated her neck so that her face was horizontal and turned backward. Dr. Brown restored the head to its proper position, but was obliged to relax the muscles with ether before it would remain in place. The child recovered and is still alive.

☞ Judge Shaffer and C. W. Howard, of California, own a dairy farm which occupies twenty-five miles of the sea coast, running from the city of San Francisco, and embracing altogether 71,000 acres.

☞ There are three hundred and twenty brick stores in course of construction at Atlanta, Georgia.

☞ Asia is pronounced civilized, as a Parsee merchant has failed for fifteen million.

☞ What's the latest and sweetest thing in bonnets? The ladies' faces, to be sure.

EARLY RISERS.

FROM THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW.

Every reasonable man—every one, that is, who gets up when he chooses and goes to bed when he feels inclined—has at times been vexed by the zeal of early risers. If two men take the same allowance of sleep, but one of them begins it at eleven o'clock and the other at two, the first will feel himself a moral head and shoulders above his friend. He fancies himself to be standing on a little pedestal of conscious virtue, from which he may, figuratively speaking, flap his wings and crow over his inferiors. He is always mentally voting little congratulatory addresses to himself, pointing out that, by his self-denial and constant superiority to the ordinary weakness of humanity, he has set an example whose influence can hardly be over-estimated. He sometimes has sufficient self-command to confine his demands upon popular admiration to a mere tacit assumption; but, however carefully he may act the part of modest merit, he glows with an inward satisfaction which can never be quite repressed. He could not, though he would, hide his light under a bushel; it shines through him as through an alabaster vase; he is too much of an angel among common men to be able quite to cover up his wings. If St. Simeon Stylites had come down from his pillar in the flesh, he would certainly have carried it about with him in spirit; he would have made some incidental reference to the "rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow," which he had borne. He would have let his acquaintances know that it was no joke, whatever they might think, to stand twenty years on a pillar. The early riser is the Stylites of private life. He glories, even in secret, over his self-inflicted miseries; but, to extract from such recollections all the consolation which they can afford, it is necessary to share them with other people. He is delighted to speak with authority as to the state of the weather between six and seven in the morning. He brings in studiously unintentional references to his walks before breakfast, and he goes quietly to sleep after dinner as if he had earned a clear right to a little repose. Few people have strength of mind enough really to bear up against claims of this kind. Radicals, who say, perhaps very sincerely, that a man's a man for a that, sometimes betray a perceptible awkwardness in the presence of a lord. No one will admit that mere wealth has any claims to respect; yet we somehow feel an instinctive deference towards a man with a good balance at his bankers, of which we are not conscious towards his neighbor who lives from hand to mouth. In the same way, few people really dare to dispute the merits of a man who gets up at six in the morning; he has accumulated a balance of solid virtue which gives an undefined weight of respectability to his actions. It appears to be merely due to his benevolence that he does not crush you to the earth with a sense of moral inferiority. And yet, if we could only venture to make a stand, perhaps we might find that this claim is so imposing only because it has not been critically tested. Early rising is, to a considerable extent, a proof of imperfect civilization. In the East, everybody is up with the sun; as, for obvious reasons, laboring men are compelled to be here. But the invention of candles, and the change from physical to intellectual labor, have altered all the conditions of life. The evening hours are now superior in almost every respect to those of the morning. In a social point of view, it is unnecessary to demonstrate that no man can enjoy society before breakfast. If it were often possible for friends to gather at that time, as they do at certain baths to drink the waters, the consequences would be disastrous; for nature has implanted in the human breast a quarrelsome, captious, and ill-humored spirit, which is always predominant during the first hours of the day. Strictly speaking, man does not become a social being until breakfast, and even then the instinct exists in a very modified form; many people read the newspaper at breakfast, but no one could be brute enough to read it at dinner. In those barbarous times when dinner took place about midday, supper was the really sociable meal, which has been gradually superseded by the onward movement of dinner. From all this it follows that a man's social tendencies are almost always in the inverse ratio of his propensity to early rising. When Cæsar remarked, "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights," he evidently meant to condemn, not the unfortunate beings who may be physically lean, but the restless temperament which leads to early rising, self-conceit, discontent, and conspiracy. If people who get up prematurely are disagreeable, and dangerous, in a social point of view, they will equally fail to justify themselves on intellectual grounds. Those who delight in always firing off small prudential maxims of the "early to bed, and early to rise," variety generally denounce the practice of study at night. But here, again, the assumption seems to be gratuitous. The early riser descends every morning into a partial chaos; fires are smoking and green wood sputtering; every house is haunted by unkempt servants with dusters and shovels, going through the hateful process of putting things in order; the world is slowly getting under weigh, and the machinery moves at first with slow jerks and creaks, and raising clouds of dust. It is absurd to suppose that such an atmosphere of discomfort can be more favorable to mental labor than the harmonious quiet of the evening, when a man may entrench himself in perfect repose, without a fear of interruption; when even London approximates to the quiet of the country, and when all the discordant elements of the day have more or less shaken into their places. Every smoker knows the superiority of the evening over the morning cigar; which proves that a philosophical and contemplative frame of mind is far more easily attained at the end than at the beginning of the day, a mental attitude of serene meditation being essential to intelligent smoking. It is true that a man's powers may be supposed to be fresher and less exhausted in the morning; but, as a rule, this advantage is counterbalanced by the diminution of restlessness and irritability, and the greater power of concentration, produced by the evening calmness. A man may possibly write novels before breakfast with success, because it is necessary that his sensibility to external impressions should be as lively and fresh as possible. He may of course do anything that comes under the name of business most effectively in the middle of the day. But he can hardly be a metaphysician till past twelve at night, except on peril of setting down all metaphysics as folly. Some detractors might, it is true, observe that this is because metaphysics are improved by the haziness of outline congenial to a mind which is too tired to be quite steady in its perceptions; but it is doubtless really owing to the fact that they require sustained and undiverted attention.—Now such attention is impossible, so long as the meditator may be exposed to the cries of milkmen or barrel-organs; the dull steady sound of late carriages is rather favorable than otherwise to profound reflection. We, therefore, consider that, for almost all purposes, the evening hours have a distinct superiority over the morning for the civilized part of mankind, whose pursuits do not require daylight, and who know the use of gas and candle-light.

The Sword of Cromwell.

It appears that at the capture of Columbia, S. C., by Sherman's army, there was lost an article of great antiquity, and highly treasured by South Carolina Masons as a relic of a great man and of the past. The South Carolinian gives the following account of it:

"This was the famous sword of state, called among our Masons the 'Cromwell Sword,' and commonly believed among them to have been once possessed by the Lord Protector of England. We draw attention to the fact of the loss and to the descriptive particulars which follow, in the hope that public attention being drawn to its history, it may be recovered, drawn from some obscure hiding-place, and restored to the Grand Lodge of South Carolina, to which it belonged. This antique weapon was a subject of peculiar interest as a relic, rather than for its use and beauty. Its history, as given by Dalcho in his Masonic writings, will gratify the curious as well as Masonic reader.

"It was a large, once elegant, and curious two-edged weapon, in a rich velvet scabbard, highly ornamented with Masonic emblems, and with the arms of the Grand Master. It had been presented to the Grand Lodge by the Provincial Grand Master, after the installation of the grand officers, was given as a consecrated sword, and received with reverent assurances to keep it safely, so far as human effort could accord safety. The weapon had been long in the possession of the Grand Master's family, and was said to have once belonged to Oliver Cromwell, a legend to which some degree of probability may be given, from the fact that the Provincial Grand Master was a descendant of Sir Edward Leigh, who was a member of the Long Parliament, and a parliamentary general in the time of the Protector, from whom perhaps, he received it.

"The future history of this sword may as well be given here. From the time of the presentation it continued in the possession of the Grand Lodge, and was borne by the Grand Sword-bearer, or, in later times, the Grand Pursuivant, in all public processions. At length, at the conflagration, which in the year 1838 destroyed so large a portion of the city of Charleston, and, with other buildings, the Masonic Hall, the sword was with great difficulty saved by brother Samuel Soyle, the Grand Tyler, with the loss of the hilt, the scabbard, and a small portion of the extremity of the blade. In the confusion consequent upon the fire, the sword, thus mutilated, was mislaid, and for a long time it was supposed to be lost. In 1852 a committee was appointed by the Grand Lodge to make every exertion for its recovery, and at length, in the beginning of the year 1854, it was accidentally found by the Grand Tyler in an outhouse on his premises, and was by him restored to the Grand Lodge in its mutilated condition. The lost piece of the blade was ingeniously replaced by a cutler in the city of Charleston, and being sent to New York, was returned with a new hilt and a velvet scabbard, and was used in its appropriate place during the centennial ceremonies of that year. With such a history, and blended with such tradition of its origin, we need not feel surprised at the universal and keen feeling occasioned by its loss."

Life too Short for Strife.

Charles Dickens relates the following of Douglass Jerrold:

"Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving angry words—and a good many months passed without my every seeing him in the streets, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the Stranger's Room of the Club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner (I am sorry to remember) and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both hands in an engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face, that I can see as I write to you: 'Let us be friends again. A life is not long enough for this!'

"Jerrold's conduct in this case was worthy of the Christian character. On a dying bed, how insignificant will appear many things about which we contend in bitterness and wrath! Life is too short, its inevitable sorrows so many, its responsibilities so vast and solemn, that there is, indeed, no time to spare in abusing and maligning one another. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Never close your eyes to sleep with a heart angry towards your brother and fellow-sufferer. See him and be reconciled to him if you can. If you cannot see him, write to him. If he is a true man and a Christian, he will listen. If he is not, you will have done right, and your soul will be bright with the sunshine of heaven."

☞ LIGHTNING RODS.—*Prof.* Silliman says that a lightning rod to be effective should be conducted to a well or water cistern, and, if possible, be coiled on the bottom, so that it will always be immersed in water. If this is not practicable, then the rod should be conducted to a heap of charcoal, recently ignited and quenched with water. These are all excellent conductors. The points of lightning rods should, be also states, be electro-plated with gold, the ordinary way of gilding them with gold-leaf being useless, as the leaf washes off in a few weeks.

☞ Near Tomah, Wis., a terrible encounter between an Indian and a bear took place recently. Both the combatants were found in the silent embrace of death, and there is probably no living witness to utter a description of the horrible scene. The bear had been shot in some vital part by the Indian, and the latter when found had his skull crushed as if by a powerful blow.

☞ A young man recently wrote to his sweetheart, saying: "There is not a globule of blood in my heart which does not bear your photograph." He had it very bad, hadn't he?

POOR.

What! poor you say; why, save you, friend,
I've more than half the world can show:
Such wealth as mine you cannot boast,
Such bliss as mine you cannot know.
I've more than keenest head can sum,
Could ever dream of night or day,
I've treasures hid from sordid hearts
No cunning thief can take away.

My riches never bring distrust
Between me and my fellow-men;
No evil passion stirs my breast,
To yield me hate for hate again;
But pleasure, peace, and joy they bring,
They soothe my cares, they make me glad,
They give delights I cannot name,
And buy me comfort when I'm sad.

Come here and open wide your eyes;
You see earth's glory at my feet,
You see the sky above my head,
The sunshine on my garden seat;
You see the love that lights my home,
The children round my cottage door—
The birds, the bees, the grass and flowers,
And you have dared to call me poor.

Come here and open wide your ears,
And hark the music morning makes,
When from the hills and from the woods
Her high and holy anthem breaks.
Come here and catch the grand old songs
That Nature sings me evermore—
The whisperings of a thousand things;
And tell me, tell me, am I poor?

Not rich is he, though wider far
His acres stretch than eye can roll,
Who has no sunshine in his mind,
No wealth of beauty in his soul.
Not poor is he, though never known
His name in hall or city mart,
Who smiles content beneath his load,
With God and Nature in his heart.

MATTHIAS BARR.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXV.

JERRY'S NEW TOY.

As the reader will have already surmised, the rescuer of John English was none other than the chemist's sister. John had not unfrequently left his lodgings for two or three days at a time without giving Mrs. Jakeway any previous intimation of his intentions; and in the present instance, that worthy soul was entirely unsuspicious that any mishap had befallen the young photographer. Hannah was the first to take the alarm. Her brother had left home with the avowed intention of being away for a week at the least; but late on the fourth night after his departure, Hannah was surprised by his unexpected return; and her suspicions that he had some black business in hand were first aroused by the injunction which he laid upon her, not to speak of his return to any one, as his stay would only extend over a couple of hours, after which he would again take his departure as quietly as he had come. Presently, Hannah was startled by a peculiar scratching outside the window; but Brackenridge seemed to understand what it meant, and going to the door, admitted Jerry Winch; and Hannah was at once ordered off to bed. Hannah kissed her brother, and went up stairs, but only to steal down again five minutes later, with attenuated skirts, and without her shoes. The voices inside the sitting-room sounded low and muffled through the closed door, and the listening woman could only make out a word now and then; but what she did hear was sufficient to send her back up stairs with a scared face, when the noise of chairs being moved inside the room warned her that it was time to go.

Early next forenoon, without saying a word to any one, Hannah Brackenridge set out for the little sea-side village of Merton, which lies about two miles north of Finger Bay. Hannah had some friends here in the persons of an old farmer and his wife, whom she was in the habit of visiting two or three times each year; and here also lived an old admirer of hers, Mark Purvis by name, whose love she had cruelly slighted. But Mark's memory still dwelt kindly on the pale-faced Hannah, a fact which was well known to her; and it was Mark that she now looked for assistance in carrying out her scheme. On reaching Merton, she found that Mark had gone out for the day, and would not be home till a late hour; but whatever the hour might be, she must wait and see him. She left the old farmer and his wife, who knew nothing of her real errand, at her usual hour for returning home; and then walking out for a couple of miles along the road by which she knew that Mark must reach Merton, she waited at a little tavern, hour after hour, listening for the sound of his horse's hoofs. It was past ten o'clock before he came; and in half an hour from that time Hannah was rowing across to Inchmallow in her lover's boat. She had resolutely refused either to let Mark accompany her, or to tell him whither she was going; only he was to meet her at a certain time at a certain spot, and take the boat back to Merton. Hannah's father had been keeper of one of the northern light-houses, and the girl was thoroughly at home in the management of a boat. How she succeeded in rescuing John English from the fate which at one time seemed so imminent, we have already seen.

John hired a chaise, and reached home the following afternoon, frightening Mrs. Jakeway exceedingly with the sight of his worn white face. He kept his promise to his mysterious preserver; and was impervious to all Mrs. Jakeway's hints and half-questions as to where he had been, and what had happened to him, to change him so wofully in so short a time. All he could be induced to say was, that he had been taken suddenly ill during the time he was away, but that he was better now. Naturally enough, he was greatly perplexed in his own mind as to the identity of his rescuer: that he owed his life to the chemist's sister was a fact of which he had not the remotest suspicion.

Brackenridge coming home at the end of eight days from his first departure, and being informed by his sister that Mr. English had been severely ill, hurried at once into Cliff Cottage, without waiting to take off his travelling-things, to offer his condolences. He was surprised—he was astounded—he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, when John told him what had befallen himself at Inchmallow. The whole thing was almost too incredible for belief, said the chemist. Jerry Winch had been employed for years to take parties to the island, and had been a favorite with everybody. What had put the idea into his foolish head to play off such a dangerous trick on Mr. English, was utterly beyond his, Brackenridge's, power even faintly to imagine; but one thing he would take care of, that Jerry should never in future be allowed to officiate as guide to the island. But what did Mr. English intend to do in the matter? Did he intend to institute proceedings against the simpleton?—No? Well, that was noble, that was generous; and he must be allowed to say that it was wise also. Jerry's friends must be careful that no similar responsibility should ever be allowed to rest on him in future. But how did Mr. English succeed in escaping from the island? That was a point which he, Brackenridge, was much interested in ascertaining.

But John, bearing in mind the promise he had given, positively declined to enlighten the chemist on that point; and Brackenridge was obliged to return home with his curiosity unsatisfied. He was gloomy and preoccupied all evening; and about eleven o'clock he set out for the *Hand and Dagger*, entering it by a back-way which he made use of when he did not wish to be seen by the ordinary customers of the hotel; and Mrs. Winch and he had a long interview together in the private room of the landlady. The method of John English's escape from the island lay heavily on the minds of both of them: it was unknown, and must therefore, they felt, be to some extent dangerous to their peculiar interests. The chemist's diabolical plan had miscarried, though how or why, neither the landlady nor her companion could so much as guess. The promised three hundred pounds were still as far as ever from the fingers that itched to grasp them; and the widow was still as determined as ever that her wedding-day should be postponed till the obstacle which stood so persistently in the path of Lady Spenceclaugh and herself should be finally disposed of. Once more Brackenridge exerted all his persuasive powers in an effort to induce the widow to reveal to him the nature of the secret which bound her so firmly to the interests of the mistress of Belair; and once more all his sophistries proved in vain, and he had to return home baffled and enraged, and only withheld from throwing up the whole business by the golden lure which shone so temptingly before his mind's eye.

Jerry Winch had been missing from his usual haunts for several days, and many people wondered what had become of the obliging simpleton; but Jerry was in hiding, and no one in the little town, save his mother and Brackenridge, knew the place of his retreat, which was at a little farm-house about a dozen miles from Normanford, kept by a cousin of Mrs. Winch. On the forenoon of the day following that of his interview with the landlady, Brackenridge borrowed a horse and gig belonging to one of his friends, and set off to see Jerry. The lad was out, a servant told him, when he reached the house, adding that Jerry would most likely be found at the clearing in the fir plantation; and there Brackenridge did find him, stealing on him unawares, and watching him in silence for several minutes before making his presence known. Jerry was singularly employed. At one end of a small clearing in the gloomy plantation, he had fixed up two forked sticks about five feet in height, with a third stick fastened across them. To this cross-bar a piece of string was knotted, the other end of which was firmly tied to the leg of a miserable sparrow. Jerry, standing a few paces away with a loaded pistol in his hand, waited till the bird, tired with its ineffectual efforts to escape, perched on the cross-bar, and the moment that it did so, he took aim and fired. If unsuccessful in hitting it, he waited patiently till the flattering creature perched once more, and then fired again; and so on, till he either succeeded in killing it, or else cut the string with his bullet, and so allowed it to escape. On a branch close by hung a wicker-cage containing a dozen or more sparrows, all destined for a similar fate. As often as Jerry succeeded in killing a bird, he burst into a wild fit of laughter, that bent him double, and shook him violently, as though he were being clutched at by invisible demoniac fingers.

"He seems made on purpose to do the Fiend's own bidding," muttered Brackenridge to himself as he stepped into the opening.—"Well, Jerry, my man," he said aloud, "how are you to-day? That's a pretty plaything you have got there"—pointing to the pistol.

"Yes," said the lad, with a grave nod of the head; "it's Jerry's new toy. Rare fun to shoot sparrows! Poor beggars! how they try to get away, don't they?"

"But how came you to obtain such a toy?"

"It was in Milcham's window for sale for a long time, and Jerry never saw it without longing to have it. So he saved up all his shillings and sixpences till he had got enough money to buy it, and then he gave old drunken Steve Benson a shilling to go and get it for him. Hoo, hoo, hoo! Rare fun to shoot sparrows! Watch and see how nicely Jerry can knock one off its perch."

"Not now, thank you, Jerry—some day when I have more time. I want to talk to you about something else to-day. By-the-by, how is Pipanta?"

"Alas! the lovely Pipanta is dead," said Jerry, in a tone of anguish as his arms fell dejectedly by his side, and the tears came into his large blue eyes.

"Dead!" exclaimed the chemist, in a sympathetic voice. "When did she die?"

"This day week," said the lad, sadly. "And Jerry buried her at midnight, when the moon was at full, under the Witches' Oak on Pensdale Moor. Oh! my lovely Pipanta! Never will thy master see thee more; never more will thy beautiful head nestle in his bosom; never more, ah me! wilt thou dance to thy lord's music. Jerry has lost his darling for ever!"

"Died this day week, did she?" said Brackenridge, musingly. "Let me consider. Why, that was the very day that Katafango escaped from Inchmallow!"

"Escaped! Has the great magician escaped?" exclaimed the terrified Jerry. "Then he will kill poor Jerry, or perhaps cast a spell over him, and turn him into a snake or a toad. Put some of the white powder into his drink!"

The chemist smiled, and stroked the lad's hair.

"Jerry has no cause to be afraid," he said; "the charm which his friend gave him will keep him safe against the arts of all the magicians in the world. No, no, my poor lad; Katafango can do no harm to you; but had he not escaped, Pipanta would not have died; but now he will take her soul, and put it into the body of a toad, and so imprison it for ever. And the turn of Mogaddo will come next."

"No, no," screamed the boy; "Mogaddo shall not die!" Then in an intense whisper, and with his lips close to the chemist's ear, he said: "Let Jerry kill Katafango?"

"Tut, tut! my dear boy, what are you talking about?" said the chemist, pleasantly. "But put that pretty toy in your pocket, and link your arm in mine, and let us walk together to the top of the hill, and consider what means we shall adopt to save the life of your pet, Mogaddo."

Two days later, the county carrier, returning home from Fairwood market in the dusk of the winter afternoon, found the bleeding and insensible body of a man lying in the road; and being a strong fellow, he contrived to lift it into his cart, and so drove with it to the nearest house, which, as it happened, was that of the station-master of Kingsthorpe Station. And so, without any exercise of their own will in the matter, John English and Jane Garrod were at last brought face to face, and another link in the chain was complete.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOHN AND HIS NURSE.

John English lifted his languid eyelids, and gazed feebly around. He was in a strange room, and there was a strange face at his bedside—a strange face, but not an unkind one. "Where am I? and who are you?" he asked in a weak voice.

"You are in the house of Abel Garrod, the station-master at Kingsthorpe; and I am Abel Garrod's wife."

"How did I come here? and what has happened to me?"

"You are not to talk—the doctor has forbidden it. But I will answer your questions, just to satisfy your mind; and then you must try to go to sleep, and I will tell you everything when you are stronger. You were found on the road yesterday afternoon, about a mile from here, and brought to this house. You had been shot through the shoulder, and had lost a great deal of blood. The ball has been extracted; but the wound is a dangerous one, and you will be confined to your bed for some time to come. One question I should like you to answer me: Did you see the man who shot you, or have you any idea who he was?"

"Let me think," said John. Then after a pause: "I remember everything now. I had set off to go up to Belair with a portfolio of photographs; and had just left the meadows for the high-road, and was passing the clump of larches, when I heard a rustling behind me, and next moment a shot, and then I felt that I was hit. I turned, and saw the dusky outline of a figure hurrying stealthily through the brushwood, and made an attempt to pursue it; but in a moment or two, the ground seemed to reel under my feet, and then all was darkness. Why I was shot, or by whom I was shot, I know no more than you do."

"Not another word," said Jane Garrod. "You have talked far more already than you have strength for."

"My portfolio—has it been found?" said John anxiously, without noticing Jane's injunction.

"It was picked up near you, and lies on that table."

"Then pray oblige me by having it sent up to Miss Spenceclaugh at Belair, with a message explaining that in consequence of an accident I am unable to take it myself."

"But you—it is not possible that you know Miss Spenceclaugh!" said Jane with a strange look on her face.

"I certainly have the honor of being acquainted with Miss Spenceclaugh," said John with a smile of almost womanly sweetness. "Does that fact seem very strange to you?" Then his eyes lighted suddenly, and he added: "You also know her; I can see it by your face. Tell me—" But his new-found strength seemed all at once to desert him, and with a little sigh, his head drooped on the pillow, and Jane saw that he had fainted.

Jane blamed herself severely for having thus allowed her patient to overtax his strength; and for the next two or three days she strictly enforced the most absolute silence. John tried several times to draw her into conversation, but Jane always refused to answer him, and left the room if he persisted in questioning her; so that he was fain, after a time, to wait with what patience he might till the doctor should give him leave to talk. His wound was an ugly one, and his recovery was proportionately slow and tedious; still, there were many languid hours—hours when his wound ceased for a time to pain him—when it seemed very pleasant to lie there in that snug, cheerful little room, where everything was so exquisitely clean; to lie there between the lavender-scented sheets, and gaze through the window across the snowy fields to where a great hill shut in the prospect a mile or two away; with a nearer view of the spire of Kingsthorpe church standing clearly out above the tree-tops; and quite in the foreground, of the the pointed roof and red twisted chimneys of Woodfield Grange. The peace and quiet that brooded over everything harmonized well with his weakness of body and languor of mind. He was content to lie by for a little while in this quiet haven, and let the world, with all its cares and turmoil, roll unheeded away—content to lie there and think of Frederica. Lying thus day after day, his eyes found many pleasant things to dwell upon. There was a bunch of snow-drops growing in a flower-pot against the window, every blossom of which was known to him; then, outside the window, came robins and sparrows, and other birds, attracted thither by the crumbs scattered every day by Jane; which pecked at the casement with their tiny beaks when the crumbs were all gone, and peered curiously in at quiet John, as though they were anxious about the state of his health. Then, in the wintry afternoon, a squadron of marauding rooks would lazily wing their way homeward towards Woodfield Grange, under the leadership of some wary old bird, showing blackly out against the bright western sky; and would not finally settle into their nests till after much airy disputation among themselves, and many ceremonious leave-takings for the night between friends and neighbors. Then that bit of western sky, with the white, hushed landscape below it, framed by the diamond-paned casement, on frosty afternoons, when the sinking sun gleamed through the rising mists like a fiery eye, was of itself beautiful to look upon.

Coming back inside the room, John's eyes always lingered on the homely face of his kind nurse. How noiseless, how assiduous, how attentive to his slightest wish she was! What had he, a complete stranger to her, done to deserve such kindness? "How can I ever repay

you?" John would sometimes feebly murmur as his eyes followed her about the room.

"By doing as you are told," Jane would reply; "and by not talking till the doctor gives you leave."

Waking up suddenly one evening from a deep, refreshing sleep, John saw his nurse standing by his bedside, gazing into his face with strangely earnest eyes; and the same moment a sudden light broke on him. Jane was the first to speak: "The doctor says that you may talk for five minutes to-day."

Without heeding her remark, John said:

"You are the woman whom I saw one evening, a couple of months ago, in the waiting-room of the Kingsthorp station. You, too, saw me, and seemed to recognize me, and the recognition startled you. I heard you mutter something about having 'come back from the dead,' and then you hurried away. Why did you act thus, and whom did you take me to be?"

Jane had pushed back the candle while he was speaking, so that her face was now in shadow, and John could not see its workings. After a moment's silence, as if to collect herself, she said:

"Before I answer your question, you must allow me to ask you another. How did you come by that strange blue figure which is marked on the upper part of your left arm?"

"Do you mean the coiled snake with the lotos-flower in its mouth, which is tattooed on the part you mention?"

"The same."

"Oh, that has been there longer than I can remember; and, for anything I can tell to the contrary, may have been there when I was born."

"You will pardon me asking you the question, will you not," said Jane, "but is John English your real name?"

"For all practical purposes it is," answered John. "And a good, useful name I've found it. But why these strange questions? Again I ask you—whom do you take me to be?"

"I cannot take you for any other than the gentleman you represent yourself to be," said Jane. "What strikes me in your appearance, and did the first time I saw you, is the extraordinary likeness you bear to some one whom I knew many, many years ago."

"Who was that person?" said John.

"Some day I will tell you; at present I cannot."

"But why did you ask me about the mark on my arm?" said John.

"That is another question which I do not feel at liberty to answer, till I know more of your history."

"More mysteries!" said John, wearily! Then he added impulsively: "I like you. You are a good woman. I feel that I can trust you; and some day, when I shall be stronger, I will tell you the story of my life. For your great kindness to a poor, helpless wretch in his hour of extremity, I know that I can never sufficiently repay you."

"Time is up," said Jane, abruptly. "You must talk no more to-day."

"Tell me," said John, "did you send the portfolio up to Belair, as I requested?"

"I did; but Miss Spencelaugh has been from home for a week past, and does not return till this evening."

"Then you know Miss Spencelaugh?" said John, eagerly. "I was sure you did."

"These arms nursed her when she was a helpless baby," said Jane, proudly. "It was I who brought her home from India after her poor mamma's death; and I lived with her at Belair, tending her, and waiting on her, till my Lady persuaded Sir Philip to get a governess for her, and then I was wanted no more."

"Then there is one more tie between us than I thought of," said John; "for I too—" He stopped abruptly, and all the little blood that was left in his body seemed to mount into his face.

"My poor boy, do you think I am blind?" said Jane, with a smile, as she stroked his hair softly. "I am going up to Belair in the morning, and I won't fail to tell Miss Frederica how it happened that you were not able to take up the portfolio yourself. But not another word now—not another word."

"Any why should it not be?" said Jane to herself, as she stood with her apron thrown over her head, gazing out into the frosty twilight, waiting for her husband. "Why should they not come together, if he be— But I dare not speak the name even to myself. And yet, things do sometimes happen in this dull world more wonderful than one reads about in story-books. But I am deceiving myself: such a thing as this could never happen. And yet the likeness—the likeness!"

Jane Garrod went up to Belair the following morning, and had a long interview with Frederica; but what passed between the two in nowise concerns us at present. On the afternoon of the same day, a groom made his appearance at the station, with a present of grapes and hothouse flowers for Mr. English; and next morning Frederica herself rode over, and halted at the door for two minutes; and John English, from his little room, could hear her clear, silvery voice as she talked to Jane Garrod, and the impatient pawing of Zuleika.

From that time, fruit and flowers for the invalid were sent almost daily from Belair; and two or three times each week, Frederica herself might be seen at the little station-house. She never dismounted, and John never saw her, for the window of his room looked out in the opposite direction; but he could hear the music of her voice; and after she was gone, Jane Garrod always came up-stairs, and told him as much of the conversation that had passed between herself and Frederica as it concerned him to hear. What happiness for him to think that it was sweet concern for his health that drew the mistress of his heart so often to that lowly roof! He never paused to ask himself whither his infatuation was leading him; for him, the present was all in all. So that time of recovery from his hurt was for John English one of the pleasantest of his life; a happy, restful interregnum from all the turmoil and petty cares of every-day existence. His recovery was slow, but sure. It was tacitly understood between Jane Garrod and himself that he should tell her the story of his life as soon as his strength would allow of the exertion. Each felt that the other had something to reveal; each of them held, as it were, a fragment of a key; would the two fragments, when welded together, prove strong enough to unlock the heart of the mystery?

At length the day came when the doctor gave John permission to venture down-stairs, and Jane made quite a little jubilee of the event. Abel Garrod left the house as soon as tea was over, to attend to his trains.

"Twilight is the best time for story-telling," said John, as he stretched his great length of limb along the little sofa in front of the fire; "and I could hardly have a better time than the present for telling mine. Will you kindly reach me that cigar-case?—Thanks. *Nous revenons toujours à nos premiers amours*; which means that, after an abstinence of six weeks, a Havana is a very pleasant thing."

He lit his cigar, and fell back into his old lounging posture on the sofa; and then was silent for a minute or two, gathering up his thoughts.

It was nearly dark outside by this time; far and near, the wintry landscape lay crisply white; but within the uncurtained room, the dancing firelight gleamed fitfully; and the shadows playing a timorous game at hide-and-seek among themselves, stole coyly out of the corners, hustling one over another, only to disappear, next moment, as the ruddy blaze rose and fell, bringing into momentary relief the great black beard and gaunt face of the young photographer, and the brooding, earnest features of his auditor; and anon leaving little else visible than the glowing tip of John's cigar. And thus it was that John told the story of his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labor, love and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep,
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the falling tear,
The right to quell the rising fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort to despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right when earthly hopes all fail,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim;
To win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith to Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight to heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love,
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights?—then use them well,
Thy silent influence none can tell;
If these are thine, why ask for more?
Thou hast enough to answer for.

Dumb.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh! it is full of sad, sad, unfathomable meaning! Speak it, and try to think what it is. Dumb! It is the sorrowfulest word in the English language. A human being may be blind, yet not wholly cursed, for though the sweet light of sunshine is not for him, a sweeter light is his. He may not look into beloved eyes, but he can hear well-beloved voices tell him that he is not alone. The one royal gift which God gave to man alone above the poor brute, is not denied him. He can *speak*.

Doomed to everlasting silence! Shut up in eternal loneliness! Lips sealed with the seal of darkness, lips from which no sound may come, day after day, year after year, forever! To have thoughts which burn and thoughts which roll, thoughts which writhe and beat against their iron bars for deliverance, and yet be able to say not once: I love you. To feel, to know, to suffer, and give back but the inarticulate moan of brute agony. It is horrible.

Scarcely less sad it is for the dumb people who can talk. The world is full of them, unhappy half mutes who cannot speak the thought within them. "A good soul, but he hasn't the gift of gab." Thoughtless people say it of many a tortured one who would gladly give the light of his eyes but to speak as he knows he ought to, knows he can speak, only that a fatal cord binds his utterance. Haven't we felt the sorriest we ever were in our lives for the student with whom we're all been acquainted, who knows more in a minute than that gassy sophomore will in his whole life, if the poor fellow could but tell it? But the gassy sophomore wins the honors, and the dumb student who can talk passes for a blockhead. It would not be so hopelessly sad if the dumb student did not know in his heart that the gassy sophomore is far enough below him, did not know well what he might do, "if he could only tell it." How he chafes and curses the spell which holds his tongue as dead. Goethe says: "And when you are in earnest to say something, is it necessary to hunt after words?" Alas, alas! There are those to whom words will not come, though their whole lives be but an earnest of lofty, solemn purpose, tongue-tied students, spirits which are born for poets and orators, but must remain forever dumb.

Few persons are more pitiable in this world than those whom society laughs at as her wall-flowers. They, too, are of the desolate company of dumb people who can talk. What mortal can tell the bitterness which comes to them in their neglected loneliness? A wall-flower is not a thing to be laughed at. Rather pity it. Pity it, because the power of expression is denied it. It is a soul sealed up, and cannot utter itself in speech, dance or song. Perhaps its aims are as much above yours as the moon is above the earth. What right have you here, then, with your puny, mocking laugh? It is a wall-flower, because it is a soul hopelessly striving for utterance, a sadder thing than a drowning man struggling in ice-water. Maybe it wasn't always so. What do you know about it? How can you tell what hopes have died out within it, and left but ashes? Maybe it used to be gayer, lighter, brighter than you are, and the lightning touched it, and left it, stricken with sudden dumbness, silent forever more. I have known such a man. One to whom the "setting of a great hope was like the setting of the sun," and he is alone in the darkness.

May be it will be morning in the next world. God knows.

You have seen a man trying to tell his wants in an unknown language. Probably you laughed at him. But to him this floundering in a strange tongue, this painful spattering and blundering was no joke. And perhaps the souls of these silent ones are foreigners who know not the knowledge and think not the thoughts that we do. It may be so. Perhaps our home is a strange land to them, and in their native region the thought and the knowledge are far higher than ours. Did you ever think of it? And possibly this weak, muddy intellect is but a foreigner striving for expression in the speech of our lower ways and feelings, a soul strayed by mistake into a body whose language it cannot speak. It must be. For the good God would not wholly curse any living creature.

But do not laugh at these dumb people who can talk.

"God knows best what is best for us all." Maybe it is a body chaining a spirit. The chain will be loosed in another country. In the land where we are going, we shall leave behind us this body which makes us weak and wicked, which drags us downward when we will upward. For there is not in any heart a single noble, faithful aspiration which shall not be fulfilled, if not in this world, then of a surety in the next. Dumb orator, speechless poet, let this comfort you. For God is good.

You have seen people born with an intense, passionate love of music, and yet utterly powerless to express the simplest melody. Do you think this rapt worship of sweet sound is utterly blind and hopeless, this wild, cruel yearning to pour out life itself in music is all for naught? No; a thousand times no! For God is good.

And again there are those who look at a royal mountain top rising through golden mist, or a western sky flooded with the sunset's ineffable beauty, and their hearts ache and ache within them to reproduce this beauty in a glorious, immortal painting, but the wish, chilled and broken-winged, falls backward to the ground. Would this divine longing be there at all, if through all the spheres of eternity it must remain unsatisfied? Faithless and unbelieving! There is not a worthy purpose defeated in this world but will be realized in some other one.

Oh, voiceless Singer! Believe that thy harp will be unmuffled some day. Believe that thy unclogged spirit shall yet throb and thrill to that golden measure which is denied it here. Mute Orator, thou shalt be silver-tongued. In the native home of the soul, there shall be granted thee a kingly eloquence. Artist, whose hands are tied, an hour will come when the seal shall be broken, the cord shall be unbound. Wait.

Oh, dumb lips! Ye shall be touched with living fire. ZIG.

A Woman's Complaint.

I have had some trials in the course of my life, although but "twenty springs have passed over my head," and some still consider me young. In my earlier years I was the owner of a dog, a cat and a bird, and my first distinct recollection of trials is connected with their mischiefs and misfortunes, which did not cease till they were all buried at the foot of the garden walk. A little later, my lessons became the spectres that robbed me of my peace, until, by determined effort, I packed them into my unwilling brain to be gradually assimilated or forgotten, I cared little which.

But of late years I have had a more serious trial than any of these, and for which I have not yet found a solution. What can I do with my hoop skirts? They wear out and the fashions change, but they refused to be destroyed. I buried the first one I cast off down in the garden beside my pets, but it made John swear so when he spaded up, and it provokes father so to have the springs catch in the hoe when he is gardening, that I don't dare to do it again. I did one up, determined to take it clear out of town and throw it away by the roadside, but I imagined every one looking at me and thinking—"There goes Phœbe Parsons with a hoop skirt," and I was sure I should be watched, and some one would see me throw away the package, and examine it, and the story would get all over town, and so I walked back with it, and now there are nine of these skeletons in our house.

I have spent many hours in that garret planning how to get rid of these "bands of steel." My cousin from New York was here last summer, and I confided my trouble to her. "Oh," said she, "I know one lady who has thirty or forty, and Jane Stuart has about as many, and no one knows what to do with them; and I hired my black cook to carry mine off for half a dollar."

I have since then been trying to think of some one I could hire to carry mine away. I have asked a washerwoman and several beggar women, but they all shake their heads ominously, and I am in greater perplexity, and I feel more and more that there must be a skeleton in every house. And how shall we get rid of it?

O, COME TO ME.

O, come to me and bring with thee
The sunny smiles of former years,
If smiles so bright can lend their light
To cheer a brow long used to tears;
I will not let one sad regret,
One gloomy thought our meeting chill,
But, for thy sake, will try to make
This altered cheek look cheerful still.

But if the gloom of life has come,
If smiles have now forsaken thee,
Then let not pride attempt to hide
The dreary change, but come to me.
If thou art gay, I will not say
One mournful word to cause a tear;
If thou art sad, I'll wish I had
A brighter home for one so dear.

Then come to me; our theme shall be
The friends we love, not those we mourn;
We'll not destroy our present joy,
Lamenting joys that ne'er return.
The orient rays of early days
And boyhood's bloom we may not see;
But days of bright and pure delight
May yet be ours; then come to me.

☞ Somebody recently asked a Parisian editor where he got all his intelligence. "From the newspapers." "Where do the newspapers get it?" "From other newspapers." "But who is the first author of it?" "Nobody."

☞ An old bachelor, being laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them, "You are 'small potatoes.'" "We may be small potatoes," cried one of them, "but we are sweet ones."

COUSIN JANE.

When my little cousin Jane Lumley came to me one morning, and said in her blushing way, "cousin William, Mr. Forbes has proposed to me, and I have accepted him," I felt that I must be a very old cousin indeed, a very safe cousin as girls would say, or she would never have chosen me for a confidant.

I was pleased, and I was sorry, to hear the tidings. I was pleased, because it was a very good offer; and I was sorry, because Mr. Forbes would take Jane away—selfish animal!—and though I had never cared to marry her myself, I thought it a hard case to see her marry another. However, as pleasure had come first, so it was the predominant feeling, and I shook hands with Jane, and congratulated her on her good fortune. For it was decidedly good fortune. Mr. Forbes, though a widower, was not thirty; he was good looking and accomplished; he was well off, too, and had a charming home within a convenient distance of London; in short, he was a most eligible husband for Jane, who had not a farthing of her own, and who owed the very clothes she wore to my father's kindness. Not that he thought it much kindness, dear old boy. Jane was his pet, and I feel pretty sure that he considered Mr. Forbes a very fortunate man in having secured her. Of course, I thought so, too, for I knew Jane's value. Still, Mr. Forbes's offer puzzled me.

Jane had come with her little story to me in the garden; we were alone in one of the green arbors. She stood in the shade, bareheaded, modest, with a happy blush on her cheek, and a soft dewy light in her brown eyes. I had never seen her look half so well in her whole life as she looked then, and—shall I say it?—Jane did not look at all pretty! No, not at all. No one, indeed, could call Jane ugly or even plain; but there was an absence of beauty in her face, which was the more remarkable that pretty girls abounded in our county. She had a nice figure, a graceful carriage, a pleasant voice, and a happy look; that she had, and no more. She was also a sensible girl, clever, well bred, and amiable, though dreadfully shy with strangers; but how could Mr. Forbes know anything of Jane save her shyness? He had not seen her more than a dozen times in all, and Jane was so quiet, that he must be a very penetrating and far-seeing man indeed if he had discovered her merits during those brief interviews. I ventured on expressing some surprise.

"How sly you both have been, Jenny," I said.

"No, William, not at all sly, I assure you," she replied, gravely. "I had no idea Mr. Forbes thought of such a thing till he mentioned it the other day."

"Then you did not say 'yes' at once, Jenny?"

"How could I? I was so confused that I should not even have asked for time to think over it, if he had not made the suggestion."

It was very plain that Jane was not in love; but then how odd if he were! I had seen them together the day before this, and Mr. Forbes, for a young man, was a cool lover, to say the least of it. Despite her inexperience in such matters, Jane felt some surprise, too, and she expressed it with a mixture of sauciness and simplicity which she often displayed with me, but which she had certainly never showed to Mr. Forbes.

"Do you know, cousin William," she said, looking up at me, "I must be a very fascinating person after all, I am not pretty, I am twenty-three, I am not rich, I am quiet, and yet Mr. Forbes, who has only to pick and choose, is smitten with me."

"How do you know he is smitten?" I inquired.

I repented the question at once; but, luckily, Jane only laughed.

"Why should he want to marry me if he were not smitten?" she asked gayly.

"Ah! to be sure. And you are smitten, of course, Jenny?"

"No," was her rather serious reply. "I admire Mr. Forbes, and I am grateful for his affection; but though I hope to be very happy with him, I am not what is called in love, cousin William. That is not in my way, I suppose."

And Jenny just uttered a little tremulous sigh of regret, and looked like an ancient maiden who bids adieu to love and its follies; but who, though conscious of her wisdom, feels rather mournful to be so very wise. These little fanciful ways and conceits, which tempered her good sense, and made it endurable—for more good sense is apt to be dreadfully oppressive—were Jane's real fascination, in my opinion. I could understand that a man should be allured by them; but they were never displayed unless in intimacy, and Mr. Forbes could know nothing about them. Still, he *must* be smitten, as Jane said; for why else should he wish to marry her?

If hurry be a proof of love, Mr. Forbes was very much in love. He wanted to marry Jane off-hand; and when my aunt Mary, who kept house for us, remonstrated a little indignantly, Mr. Forbes showed some temper. He submitted, however, and the courtship went on. I could not help seeing a good deal of it, and I did not like what I saw. Jane, silly child, seemed quite happy with such attentions as Mr. Forbes paid to her; but if she was satisfied, I was not. Mr. Forbes went through love-making most conscientiously; but I remembered my flirtation with Grace Anley seven years before, and I thought it was something very different from this. I never caught Mr. Forbes giving Jane any of those looks which had made me so dreadfully ridiculous in those days; I never saw him raised to bliss or sunk to despair by anything my little cousin said or did; and what was very significant, I never once saw him try to be alone with her. I drew the pitiless conclusion that Mr. Forbes, though one of the cleverest men I knew, had nothing to say to Jane.

I was alone with her on the evening before the wedding-day. We sat in the parlor, by one of the open windows, and we looked out at the garden. I could not help thinking that this garden would seem very dull and lonely when my little cousin Jenny was gone. No more should I hear her gayly carolling in the morning, as she ran down the alleys, light and blithe as a bird on the wing. No more would I see her reading in one of the arbors as intent as a young Muse. No more would the waving of her muslin dress or the pattering of her little feet on the gravel give me pleasant thoughts of youth and girlhood. She was going off to Paris with that cold Mr. Forbes, and after their honeymoon trip he would take her to his house and keep her there for ever. These were dismal thoughts; so, with a groan, I said:

"You are going away to-morrow, Jane?"

"Yes," she answered, in a low voice. "Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, cousin William."

"Nonsense," I said, a little crossly. "You like it. I have no doubt you are desperately in love with Mr. Forbes by this time."

"No, I am not," she replied, with one of her little solemn ways; "it is very odd, but I am not in love with Mr. Forbes, in spite of all his devotion to me."

Mr. Forbes's settlements had been very liberal indeed, but other devotion I had not seen.

"It is very wrong," continued poor Jenny in a tone of keen remorse; "but it is no fault of mine, you know. Nevertheless, I spoke to Mr. Forbes about it the other day."

"Did you, though?" I exclaimed, rather startled at this unnecessary piece of candor.

"Yes; and he said it did not matter, that we should be very happy together, and that I would be, he knew, a good mother to his little boy."

Jane's simplicity and Mr. Forbes's coolness both confounded me. It was plain he was no more in love with Jane than Jane was with him. Only, why on earth did he want to marry her? How did he know that she would make a good mother to his little boy? Jane had no sort of experience concerning children, and was not even very fond of them. She liked them, to be sure: but I had never seen her go baby mad, like Grace Anley. Mischievous little flirt, she knew it became her, I suppose. Well, well! I have had my revenge. I saw Grace the other day—she is now Mrs. Grant—and Grace, my nymph, my sylph, has grown stout.

I don't exactly know what reply I gave little Jane; I dare say some truism about the non-necessity of ardent love on her part; for she said, in her serious way:

"So I think, cousin William; besides, you know, feeling that deficiency, I must, of course, make it up by being ever so much better than I might have been if I had returned all Mr. Forbes's feelings."

But she sighed; perhaps the prospect of being so very good seemed a little austere to my young cousin. Aunt Mary came in and put an end to the conversation. I went out to smoke a cigar, and did not see Jane till the next morning.

A pleasant blushing bride my cousin looked, almost pretty, and quite happy. Mr. Forbes was, as usual, very handsome; a little pale, perhaps, but I am bound to say that he went through the trying marriage ceremony with manly fortitude. When it was over, he seemed to have cast a weight of care away, and accepted our congratulations and good wishes with something like a happy smile. The wedding breakfast was late, and I did not see much of him before we all sat down; but when we did so, I thought Mr. Forbes looked a very excitable bridegroom, and that even quiet little Jane had very fitful spirits for a bride. I drew no conclusions until Jane entered the library, where I stood alone, to bid me good-bye. We had spent many pleasant hours in that library, and I did not wonder that Jane showed some emotion on finding me there. But when she came up to me, and, instead of taking my hand, threw her arms around my neck and laid her cold cheek to mine, and burst into sobs and tears, I felt a wonder verging on alarm.

"Jane, my dear girl, my darling, what ails you?" I said, anxiously.

"I am going away," she sobbed; "oh, cousin William, I am going away!"

She would say no more. She was going away, but surely she had known that all along; and surely it was not to go and leave us that could put her in such a state of despair as this. I could get no explanation from her. There was no time. The carriage was waiting; they were looking for her.

"I am coming, I am coming," she cried, darting from me, and speaking in a light-hearted voice. I followed her out. Mr. Forbes handed her into the carriage, stepped in after her, and my little cousin Jane, now Mrs. Forbes, was gone for ever from among us.

Jane had not been long married when my father died. Aunt Mary was ordered to the south of France, and I remained alone with the housekeeper. These were dreary days. I wished now I had proposed to Jane and married her; I fancied we should have made a happier couple than Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. She wrote now and then; she never complained, but she never once said, "I am happy." She praised Mr. Forbes and his house, and spoke of her position and her comforts—of herself, never. The theme that most frequently recurred in her letters was Arthur, Mr. Forbes's little boy. She recorded his sayings and doings with evident fondness, and I began to think that a young bride whose mind was so much engrossed by her husband's child could not be a very happy one. I had received a general invitation to Mr. Forbes's house, and though Jane did not once remind me of it, I resolved to visit the Elms. It would be a change; besides, I wanted to see why Jane was not happy. I am bound to say that, though my visit was unexpected, Mr. Forbes received me very cordially.

"Jane will be delighted to see you," he said; "she is out with my little boy."

Jane came in presently with a sickly peevish-looking little fellow,—the wonderful Arthur, about whom she had had so much to write. She colored on seeing me, but delight in her face I saw not. If I could have believed it of Jane, I should have thought she was sorry I had come. She stammered a welcome, however, but as I soon perceived, shunned every opportunity of remaining alone with me. Once I caught her on the staircase.

"Well, Jane, are you happy?" I whispered.

"O, quite happy," she replied, shrilly. "Is not the Elms a charming place?" And she made her escape.

Yes, the Elms was a charming place; a brown old house, spacious and convenient, with a gay flower-garden around it, and beyond this a region of ancient elm-trees scattered on a grassy slope. Truly the mistress of this pleasant abode and well-ordered household, the wife of that handsome agreeable gentleman, ought to have been a happy woman; but she was not. I saw it at once. Jane had grown thin and pale, and looked sad and careworn. Nor did Mr. Forbes look a happy man. I did not like the rigid lines which a few months had made in his handsome face. He was very kind to his wife, and strictly polite; but of fondness, of love, of tenderness, I saw no sign. He kept these for his child, who was certainly one of the most ill-tempered little three-year-old wretches I had ever seen. Yet Jane seemed to rival her husband in doting affection for that little monkey, who began our acquaintance by making faces at me, and followed it up biting my leg before dinner. "He was a great sufferer," apologetically said his father.

I thought I was the sufferer in this particular instance, but I bore the pain—I have the mark to this day—with that heroism which politeness alone can inspire. I did not intend paying Mr. Forbes and his wife a long visit; but our intentions have little power over the course of events. That same evening I took a walk with Mr.

Forbes, stumbled over the root of a tree, and sprained my ankle. It was very provoking. My sprain was one of the worst; the doctor who was called in ordered rest,—total rest, he said. In short, I was condemned to spend many days, some weeks, perhaps, at the Elms. Mr. Forbes behaved unexceptionally; he was cordial, he was kind, he was hospitable; and my little Jane, on seeing me in severe pain, became once more my dear little Jane of old times. She was a good deal with me,—I mean alone with me. Her husband had business in London, and went there daily; and whilst I lay stretched on a sofa in the parlor, Jane sat and worked and watched Arthur and his maid out in the garden.

"Jane," I said to her one day, after biding my time, "why are you not happy?"

Jane became crimson, and I saw her little fingers tremble as she vainly tried to thread her needle.

"I—I am very happy," she stammered.

"No, Jane, you are not; neither is Mr. Forbes. I do not want to meddle between you; but yet, Jane, if a word of sound sensible advice from cousin William would help to set matters right, why not give yourself the chance, and him the pleasure, of that word?" Her color came and went; her work dropped on her lap; she clasped her hands and said:

"Oh, if you could—if you could tell me something—advise me, I mean. Oh, cousin William, if you could make my husband like me!"

"I always suspected this," I replied, rather ruefully; "but, child, I must know why he married you. Do you know?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, in a very peculiar tone; "and that is just the mischief. If I had known nothing, all might have been well."

This was very mysterious. It took me some time and trouble to make Jenny more explicit; at length, she told me all.

"When we were really married," she began, "and I came home his wife, and looked at him and felt proud of him, I was happy. Oh, so happy! Perhaps you remember that, even before changing my dress, I went down the garden. I had a foolish fancy to gather some of my favorite flowers and take them with me. I thought to be alone there; but some one had given Mr. Forbes a letter on our coming in, and he had gone to the garden to read it. I saw him in the summer-house, sitting in your chair, his head flung on the table, his arms clasped above it; and I heard him groaning as if he were in great agony. I turned cold and trembled. I knew it was no physical pang that wrung those moans from him. The letter he had been reading was on the ground by him. I picked it up and stood with it in my hand, looking at him. He had not heard, and he did not heed me. I looked just at the first words; and when I had read them, I could not leave off till I had finished the whole letter. God help me! It was a love-letter, written to my husband by one who had been compelled to betray him: but who, at the eleventh hour, repented her error and asked to be forgiven! She wrote full of hope and fondness. She had suffered so much that he could not, she said, be long angry with his own Annie! Yes, she called herself his own. I was his wife; I had not been an hour married; I still wore my white dress, my veil, and my orange-wreath, and another woman wrote thus to my husband! He now roused himself and saw me. I still held the letter in my hand, and my face, no doubt, told him that I had read it; for he took it from me and walked away,—both without a word. I wondered how he felt. Was he sorry the letter had not come sooner? Would he have given me up even at the foot of the altar? I know better now,—I know Mr. Forbes could not be dishonorable; but then my mind was not my own. One thing, however, was clear. He did not love me. He had wished to marry me in order to punish the ingrate, and to hurry our marriage in order to forestall hers and show her how little he felt her faithlessness. He had taken me, poor, plain, and unattractive, that I might owe him much, and he, the rich, handsome gentleman, owe me very little. That was it, and cousin William, it was very bitter.

"You know why that we are not, and cannot be, happy. It is because I read that letter. I am like Psyche, and, like her, I pay for my error. If I had remained ignorant, I should have been content. Mr. Forbes would have acted his part to the end, and to the end I should have thought that I had fascinated him. But my poor little pride has had a fall, and little cousin Jane has been sorely humbled. She knows what you knew all along, that she was never loved, but merely made the instrument of an angry lover's revenge. Still, I must be just to him. I am sure he meant to make me very happy,—to be generous, kind, and attentive, and perhaps, in the end, he would have liked me. Only, you see, now he cannot. I know too much. As he is in your presence, so he is in private,—a perfect gentleman. I, who meant to be so good, so devoted, so dutiful even, never find a word to say to my husband. I answer when he speaks, and that is all. I am cold as a statue when he is by. I feel it, I know it, and I cannot help it: that Annie is ever between us, and she freezes me. I have never seen her; I do not know who she is, what she is like; but sometimes I lie awake at night and think, 'If he were to find me dead to-morrow, would he be very sorry? he could marry his Annie.'"

Poor little Jane! My heart ached for her, and it ached all the more that I fancied she was fond of her husband.

"Jenny, Jenny," said I, with a sigh, "I will tell you why you can do nothing to win Mr. Forbes; it is because you like him."

She hid her face in her hands, and I saw her forehead, her neck even, turn crimson.

"Yes, that is it," she said at length, looking up and turning pale again. "I like him,—I who reproached myself for not caring enough about him when we married,—I who meant to try so hard to get that liking. I like him. He does not see it, he never will see it; but if he should, I shall be the most wretched of women. It is the thought of my indifference that reconciles him to his lot; if he knew the truth, he would find it unendurable."

"How do you know that?" I asked, much startled.

"I cannot tell you, but I know it. I nearly betrayed myself once, and I cannot forget his look of uneasiness and alarm."

"Jane, you slander your husband."

"No," she replied, quietly, "and you must not misunderstand me and wrong him. I am quiet, you know; well, I believe that Mr. Forbes took me partly for that. 'Here is a girl who will expect no devotion, no fondness, no nonsense,' he thought, 'nothing, at least, that I cannot give her.' Suppose he finds out that I am not the woman he thought me, and that when I married I did expect to love and to be loved, will it not be misery to him to try and fulfil his part of the compact?"

Alas! that was true, and because it was true I heaved a deep sigh. At that moment the parlor door opened, and Arthur came in. At once he crept up to his young step-mother. She took him on her knee, and twining his arms around her neck, he nestled on her bosom, and thence looked at me with a pale pitiful little face that made me forgive him all his sins.

"Jane," I said, and I am not ashamed to add that my eyes were dim, "there is your hope and your link with the father."

Jane shook her head rather sadly.

"No link," she replied, "but, if possible, a cause of further division. When I came and found this poor sickly thing, my heart yearned towards it, perhaps because it suffered like myself; perhaps," she added, with a faint blush, "because it was his. I called it, and it came. I caressed it, and it fell asleep in my arms. When it was sick, I tended it; when it was peevish and fretful through pain, I bore with it; and thus, I suppose, it loved me. But, you see, it loves me too much. One who ought to be first is second now, and second far away. I am obeyed when another is not heeded; I am sought when another is left, and I am not his Annie that the preference should not be resented; not against me, indeed, not against the child, but resented as a wrong. For if there be a being passionately loved, it is this little pale creature. His mother died when he was born, and his father almost became a woman for his sake. He nursed him, he tended him, and I reap the sweet fruit of love,—I who had not the care of the tree. But I cannot help it. This is my comfort in sadness; this little warm living creature clinging to me, and I cannot give it up. When I talk to it and play with it, when I dress it, as I like to daily, I feel almost happy. Arthur is not always cross as you have seen him, cousin William; Arthur does not always bite, for Arthur is not always in pain, poor little fellow. He has days when he is bright, and merry, and frolicsome, without mischief, just like a young kid. Eh, Arthur?"

Arthur looked up; she stooped, and their lips met in a long fond kiss. They were thus when Mr. Forbes entered the room. I saw his color change as he perceived the child in his wife's arms, but he soon recovered his composure, came up to us cheerfully, and, bending over Jane's shoulder, asked Arthur to kiss papa. Arthur frowned, and gave papa a sulky push. Mr. Forbes tried to smile as he walked away, but the smile was forced, though a blush which followed it was real. We are none of us perfect, and I am bound to say that as Arthur pushed his father away, a saucy little look of triumph passed through Jane's brown eyes: a look that to me, at least, said very plainly: "I am not Annie; but some one can love me, Mr. Forbes." It was this look which, whether he understood it or not, made Mr. Forbes color like a girl.

Nothing is easier than to solicit confidence under pretence of giving advice; nothing more troublesome, to a conscientious person, than to give the proferred counsel when the confidence has been made. So, at least, I now felt, and I dreaded being alone with Jane again; but I found, to my great comfort, though not without some mortification, that Jane had spoken to get relief, not to be advised. At least, she never asked me to suggest what line of conduct she should pursue towards her husband, and I believe she even forgot that anything of the kind had been mentioned between us. I pitied her from my heart, but I saw no remedy to her sorrows. I pitied Mr. Forbes, too. You see it is one thing to marry a woman with the intention of giving and receiving affectionate regard, and it is another thing to marry a girl who takes the liberty of falling in love with you, and who feels aggrieved if you do not, or rather cannot, follow her example. What should I have done, for instance, if, marrying Jane for the sake of being comfortable with her, I had suddenly discovered that my saucy little cousin was enamored of poor me? It has occurred to me since then, that Jane would not so have committed herself with me, but, at the time, I did not think of that. I rejoiced that I had not proposed to her, and I pitied her husband; for if Jane's misfortune was to have read the letter, his trouble was to read her heart rather too truly. Poor little simple Jane! it was like her to think that she could keep such a secret from a husband, who had not love to blind him.

I watched him without seeming to do so, and I felt sure that Mr. Forbes's grief was to see his wife's love and not be able to return it; his grief was to have married, as he thought, a sensible mercenary girl, and to find out that he was wedded to a fond and tender-hearted woman. I do not mean to say that he resented that love, or that it bored him; but he could not return it.

I was beginning to walk about with the help of a stick, when I saw Mr. Forbes go off in his chaise one morning with Arthur.

"Please to tell Jane that I am taking the child—" he said to me.

On hearing this, Arthur, who had sat quietly till then, uttered a scream of dismay, and called on his "mamma." I saw Mr. Forbes bite his lip, but he drove away all the faster, and both father and child were out of sight in a few moments. Jane had heard the cry, and now came down rather scared. On hearing the explanation I gave her, she turned very pale.

"O, why does he take him to Harting?" she cried, piteously; "my maid has just told me the small-pox is there. Oh, if one could only overtake him!"

That was out of the question, so I did my best to comfort Jane; but the tears stood in her eyes as she still kept sighing,—

"O, why did he take him?"

Why, indeed? The child came home bright and well, and his father seemed quite triumphant at having kept him half a day away from his step-mother.

"And he was not at all unhappy, Jane," he said, with marked emphasis.

All day the child continued well and merry, but next morning he fell sick, and by the time his father came home at night he was ill; he had the small-pox. It was I who told Mr. Forbes. He turned dreadfully pale; he had learned in the course of the day that the epidemic was at Harting. It was there, and he had taken his child to it; he had taken him to illness, perhaps to death, just to brave and tease his poor young wife! I knew all this passed in his mind, for the first words he uttered were,—

"God forgive me!"

His next remark was the question,—

"Has Jane ever had it?"

"Never," I replied, gravely.

"Then she must not stay with him," he said quickly; "she must not."

He went up; I followed him to the nursery. Jane was there bending over the little cot, with Arthur's hand in hers. Mr. Forbes went up to her; he was much agitated. He could scarcely speak.

"Jane," he said, without looking at the child, "you must not stay. I know you have never had this complaint,—you must not stay."

"Would you say that, if I were his mother?" she asked.

"You have no right to risk your life," he urged. "I have had it, so has your cousin. We risk nothing; you risk much."

"What?" asked Jane, and my pale sad-faced little cousin became for a while a glowing and almost a beautiful woman; what do I risk? Life! It is not so dear, Mr. Forbes. Disfigurement! What change for the worse would that make in my lot?"

Mr. Forbes said not a word.

"I have had that child's love," continued Jane, looking back towards the cot, "and nothing, nothing shall make me leave him!"

No more was said. Arthur moaned as he lay, and Jane sat on one side of him, and her husband on the other.

Three days they sat thus. Three days the little sufferer lingered. On the fourth, an angel called him and released him from his pain. I was present when he died. That poor peevish little fellow had become so patient and so meek in his illness, that I, too, had begun to love him. My heart smote me when I saw his eyelids flutter strangely, and his pale lips quiver, and his little face—it was neither blotched nor altered—take the strange calmness of death. Jane wept silently. Mr. Forbes was tearless, and sat looking on like one turned to stone. At first he seemed incredulous, but at length he understood that it was all over. I do not think he saw me; if he did, he forgot me. He turned to his wife.

"Jane," he said.

She looked, and did not move.

"Jane, come to me."

She rose, and went and sat on the couch by his side. With a sudden moan, in which love, remorse, and pain seemed to mingle, he drew her towards him. He laid his head on that kind bosom where his child's head had so often rested. It had been the refuge of all little Arthur's troubles, and it now received the strong man's passion of grief. Jane flung her arms around her husband's neck and mingled her tears with his, and whilst they wept together, the young and innocent dead slept on and smiled divinely, with closed eyes, at that fair world, without sorrow, passion, or pain, which it just had entered.

I softly stole away, feeling that out of the saddest grief good may come. Long after this, Jane said to me,—

"Cousin William, my husband gave me his heart in that hour, and he has never taken it back again."

"And never will, little Jane; for if there be a fondly loved wife, you are that woman."

Jane had the small-pox; but her husband nursed her through it, and she recovered quickly, and was not at all disfigured. Happy Jane! I saw her the other day when I called at the Elms on my way to London. What a bright old house it looked, now that Jane was loved and happy! How proud Mr. Forbes seemed of his wife and of their only child, a beautiful boy very like him,—need I say his name is Arthur? Well! Do you know, fond though she evidently was of him, I doubted if Jane loved this Arthur quite so much as she had loved the other one? I told her so.

"The first Arthur," she replied, "was the child of my sorrow; the second Arthur is the child of my happiness. Both could not be dear after the same fashion. Besides, the other Arthur loved me best, and this one prefers his father."

"And Annie?" I suggested; "what about her?"

"I neither know nor care," replied Jane, with superb indifference. "The dead Arthur makes me feel secure in the past, and with the living Arthur I can defy a dozen Annies."

Dear little Jane! She was just the same little goose as ever. It was like her to think that her hold on her husband depended on a dead or on a living child. Mr. Forbes knew better. In the fulness of his happiness he told me the whole story about "Annie," as he drove me to the station. Of course, he did not tell me who "Annie" was; but he had seen her again at a party, and he could not help saying,—

"Cousin William, you cannot imagine what I felt when I compared these two women,—my dear, pretty Jane (pretty Jane! oh, love, love!), and that cold, shallow, frivolous woman! My darling felt me shudder as we left, and she thought I was cold. Cold! I was thinking—I might actually have married that woman!"

Superstition at Sea.

A New York paper says that after the death of John Van Buren on board the Cunard steamer Scotia, a few days ago, the weather became tremendously stormy—the vessel having just sailed into the gale then raging along our eastern coast. The coincidence of Mr. Van Buren's death with the occurrence of the hurricane had an effect upon the minds of some of the working seamen, which, though not strange, considering their superstitious tendencies, is interesting to relate in reference to the present occasion.

The sailors esteemed it very bad luck to keep the body on board, without instantly committing it to the deep, and were chagrined at the noble resolve of Commodore Judkins to bear the remains to our shore for interment. They requested its sea burial. It was refused. Still the storm continued, and the seamen considered the unconscious corpse a Jonah in their midst, not for the while remembering the almost indestructible staunchness of the Scotia, and their really absolute safety ensconsed by her strength. It is stated that a movement was frustrated by detection, which they had covertly considered, if not determined, to cut the ropes that held the boat on the port side, in which the coffined remains had been placed.

ELEPHANTINE PLAY.—It is reported from Bucharest, that a Frenchman, named Poltin, had arrived in that city to exhibit two elephants, a male and a female, the same which were shown in Paris, a few years since. These animals killed their keeper in a singular manner. The male seized him with his trunk and threw him into the air; the female caught him as he fell and threw him back again, and this game of ball was continued for a quarter of an hour. When assistance arrived it was too late; every bone in the poor fellow's body was broken.

☞ Every year 20,000 babies are sent from Paris to the country to nurse, and only 5,000 return. The rest die of ill treatment.

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

It is seldim that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce, "whose sales whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few delicate layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condem and repudiate as a American, this gross frawd, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this frawdulent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my UNCLE WILYUM—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marrige only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discoverin it got in a rage and denounced him, UNCLE WILYUM said the old man (meanin my parent), hadn't any idee of first-class Humor!—with the exception of this wretched Uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrifisses to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The Wards is a very clever fam'ly, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin his.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strollin up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and looking at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of MR. MOSES, in the Commercial Road. They was expressly made, MR. MOSES informed me, for a nobleman, but as they fitted him too muchly, partic'ly the trowz'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks) he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel old feller."

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't spile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French ladies do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amoosin myself by stickin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (not one of whom howled with anguish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and barrah for 'em!"

The man grasped me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bachus!" And he dragged me into a public-house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "MR. BACHUS, give this gen'l'man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agreeable gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soop and fish, and a hot joint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froots from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumpcous reparst was over, the agreeable man said he'd unfortunitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my purse; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agreeable gentleman then said, "Now, I will show your our Club. It dates back to the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

"Did BILL belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Well," I said, "if BILLY was one of 'em, I need no other endoresement as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agreeable man told me that the Club was called the Sloshers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "ther's geneyus there, and lorfty emotions, and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Sloshers in due time, and I must say they was a shaky-lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certingly none of the best.

The Sloshers crowded round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful breastpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly," he said, parsin it to another, who parsed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful bosoum pin a parsin from one Slosher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:—

"At larst! at larst! My WILYUM, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper SHU-RAH! I've belayed the marlinspikes on the upper jibpoop, but SHU-RAH's eyes wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Sailor boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the pint of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever fam'ly. A very clever fam'ly, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Capting—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet ADELAIDE! and in tears! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my boosum, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the breast-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the brestpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the lan'lord, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, "BIGBY, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent fam'ly, I shall disfigger your beneverlent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, frend?" said the lan'lord.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I ansered in a bittur voice, "by a viper who was in the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without envelopin in its roolns that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam'ly.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Locomotive Whistles.

The question is asked if it is necessary that locomotive whistles should be so loud and shrill? The New York Evening Post says: "We have noticed that those used on the locomotives of the New York and Albany Railroad are pitched upon a lower key. They produce a heavy and deep sound, which gives sufficient warning, and is a relief from the ear-piercing shriek. This is a graver annoyance and a more serious matter than most persons imagine. All who live near the railroad stations must know what the annoyance is; but to the sick, in some cases, it may be almost a matter of life and death. To a patient lying low with a nervous fever, and laid to sleep by careful hands, this horrid shriek may be a death-knell. Of course we do not object to any thing that is required by the public convenience and safety. The law allows railroads to be run near our houses and through our grounds, and we submit. But the railroad managers need not inflict unnecessary annoyance upon the public. If a low, deep roar is found on trial to give as good a warning as a shrill shriek, railroad managers would greatly oblige the public by having the form or tone of the locomotive whistles changed. It is a little thing for them, but a great thing for the aged, the sick, and the nurses of infants who live along their lines."

Business Classes in England.

The writer of a sketch of George Peabody in the National Intelligencer says:

"I have said that Mr. Peabody was not a banker. Neither are the Rothschilds or Barings, or Brown, Shipley & Co. Those only are bankers in Great Britain who are authorized by law. From the Bank of England, the greatest monetary establishment in the world, down through Jones, Lloyd & Co., Smith, Payne & Co., Hankey & Co., Barclay, Bevan & Co., and a score of other names classic in the financial world, no one can exercise the craft without the sanction of an act of Parliament. The names first mentioned, Rothschild and others, are those of merchants, who deal in bills of exchange, loans, stocks, bills of lading, cargoes, and invoices of the staple products of the world. In English parlance, the banker, merchant, brewer, manufacturer, warehouseman (equivalent to our wholesale merchant), jobber and tradesman, constitute the line of business men, and the order in which they are named their business rank. The brewers take third rank, because the great brewers have for a hundred years been possessed of princely fortunes. So ancient and fixed are these designations, that our entirely changed business nomenclature is productive of no end of misunderstanding on the part of Englishmen."

☞ Captain Biddle, an old cavalry officer, living in Moorestown, Canada, blew his head off with an ounce ball upon hearing of the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada. He had $8,000 invested in it.

☞ The diamonds of the Duke of Nassau are valued at $9,000,000.

☞ A bold burglar in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, proved to be a handsome girl of nineteen.

☞ CURIOUS CHOLERA MEDICINE.—The *Chiesa Cattolica*, a clerical paper, published at Naples, gives the following as a cheap and infallible remedy for the cholera:—"Apply," it says, "to the abdomen a picture of St. Joachim, the glorious father of the Holy Virgin. This remedy is unfailing. The malady rarely attacks a person so protected; if it does, it is immediately cured. God sends us the cholera to punish us for our sins; but St. Joachim drives it away!"

☞ An economical family of moderate size can keep house in New York for from $5,000 to $10,000 a year—or they can live in suits of three rooms for $200 per week.

☞ A man in Pittsburg, fancying himself attacked with symptoms of cholera, swallowed an entire bottle of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and followed it with a dose of laudanum. Both the cholera and the man were "killed."

CAN CANCERS BE CURED?

I answer, Yes! for I know and I speak from experience. The cure was so rapid, yet certain, that I could hardly believe my own eyes. Being myself a practical physician, I tried every known remedy to no purpose; I read every treatise that I could lay hands on; I consulted every eminent surgeon in the land, but none could give me any material relief; my faith in my chosen profession began to fail me, when a friend asked me if I had read Dr. Babcock's mode of treatment and cure of this malignant disease? I replied that I had not, but took occasion to obtain it at my earliest opportunity, and the mode of treatment therein set forth was so rational that I determined to make at least one more trial. I consulted Dr. Babcock & Son, at No. 700 Broadway, New York, and there I found many cases worse than my own, had been cured and hundreds made happy. I put myself entirely under their care, and to-day, thank God, I am a well man! No knife or lancet was used during the whole operation; their remedies were harmless and painless, and they so soothed my troubled mind that I obtained my natural rest, which I had not done in years. To those afflicted with this terrible scourge I pray that they will not delay a day when so sure a cure is at hand, but do as I have done, and be a well man. I am willing to answer all letters of inquiry that may be addressed to me, free of charge.

S. M. HEALY, M. D.,
399 Henry St., New York City.

The office of Dr. BABCOCK & SON is at No. 700 Broadway, New York City. nov3-2t

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 536 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $2; two, $3; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use FERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. FERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. ja16-6m

℞ WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling. oct27-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is little or no demand for export. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls, including superfine at from $8@9; extra at $9,25@12, the latter rate for fresh ground from new wheat; Northwest extra family at $13@13,75, the latter rate for fancy; Penna and Ohio family at $13,75@15, and fancy brands at from $15,50@16,50 ℔ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour—Small sales are making at $7,50@7,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. 2500 bus fair to prime Penna red sold at $3,10@3,20; 3000 bus Southern do, in lots, at $3,20@3,30; 3000 bus spring at $2,65@2,75, and small lots of white at from $2,35 to 3,45 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye—Sales of 6000 bus Western at $1,40. Corn—40,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,15@1,19. Oats—25,000 bus sold at 61@63c for Southern, and 68@69c for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $25 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@25c ℔ lb for plain and fancy bagged Hams; 19@20c for pickled do; 15½c for salt. Shoulders; 17@17½c for prime Lard, in bbls and tcs; 30@33c ℔ lb for Butter, as to quality.

COTTON—The market has been inactive. About 800 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 36@36c for Uplands, and 40@42c ℔ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—We quote 1st No 1 Quercitron at $33 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—1000 lbs sold at 40@41c ℔ lb for Yellow.

COAL—There is more doing. Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ℔ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 50c, and choice at 57@60c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making freely at $2@6 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples—20,000 lbs sold at 7½@10½c ℔ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 16@17c, and halves at 20@21c ℔ lb

HAY—Baled is selling at $30@31 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed continues scarce; small sales are making at $8@9 ℔ bus for old and new. Timothy ranges at from $3,50@3,62½, and Flaxseed at $2,20@2,25 ℔ bus.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12½@12½c for city rendered, and 11½@12c ℔ lb for country.

WHISKEY—Small sales of Pennsylvania prime are making at $2,40@2,41, and Ohio at $2,42@2,44 ℔ gal.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at prices ranging from 60@65c for extra, 55@62c for fine, 55@60c for medium, 30@35c for coarse, 45@55c for tub washed, and 40@47c ℔ lb for Western pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 14@14½c ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $60 to 80 ℔ head. Sheep—20,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½ cts ℔ lb. 3400 Hogs sold at from $12,00@13,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

PARENTS,

And especially mothers, who have the more immediate care of children, permit me to say with candid earnestness, never lay down to rest at night with the health and happiness of your children at heart without having the PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER at hand. Trust to no other pain preparations or panaceas. They may and often do, fail in critical cases—but the Perry Davis, never—no, never. If you heed not this timely warning the fault is your own, as Perry Davis' Pain Killer is in nearly every store throughout the length and breadth of our land, and all over the civilized world. oct27-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—When the strength and spirits are broken, every internal function disordered, the stomach torpid and relaxed, this wonderful medicine accomplishes its miracles, rescuing the sick from the shadow of impending death. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of Oct., by Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, HOWARD R. DEACON to ANNA C., daughter of Joseph Tomlinson, both of this city.

On the 23d of Oct., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Friends' ceremony, WILLIAM P. ELLIS, of Philada., Pa., to ANNA P., daughter of Benj. A. Shoemaker, of Long Branch, N. J. No cards.

On the 4th of Oct., by the Rev. Charles Wood, SAMUEL W. MARSHALL to CHARLOTTE E. PEBE, daughter of Thos. Ashburner, Esq., both of Blackwood, N. J. No cards.

On the 11th of Oct., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. LEWIS R. GRANGER to Miss RUTHER D. MENDENHALL, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. John H. Castle, Mr. WILLIAM G. PALMER, of West Phila., to Miss MARY R. ABELE, of West Chester.

On the 17th of Oct., by the Rev. S. Morise, A. A. SOLOMON to Miss LINZER, daughter of Mr. Isaac J. Phillips, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. ABRAHAM COUZONS to Miss ELIZABETH ABEL, both of this city.

On the 16th of Oct., by the Rev. Franklin Moore, D. D., Mr. GEORGE W. BARNES to Miss LIDE SANDGRAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Oct., Mrs. MARGARET SMITH, aged 39 years.

On the 23d of Oct., Mr. WILLIAM EASLER, in his 68th year.

On the 21st of Oct., MARY JANE, wife of Jesse H. Porter, in her 47th year.

On the 21st of Oct., Mr. GEORGE FOURNET, Sr., in his 67th year.

On the 21st of Oct., KATE T. DUNTON, in her 32d year.

On the 20th of Oct., JAMES T. WARREN, in his 52d year.

On the 20th of Oct., SAMUEL GRIFFITH, in his 59th year.

On the 20th of Oct. Mr., NATHANIEL BOYER, aged 78 years.

On the 19th of Oct., URIAH C. SNYDER, in his 55th year.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oct20-tf

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Our new Illustrated Catalogue is now ready, giving a full description of all the late important improvements and additions to our Church Organs, Harmoniums, Parlor Organs, and Melodeons.—These improvements render our instruments the most desirable made, and they are pronounced unequalled by leading organists.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

GARHART & NEEDHAM,
97 East Twenty-third Street, New York.
H. M. MORRIS,
oct13-4t 709 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG.

A Collection of the most beautiful Scotch Ballads, with Piano Accompaniments.

Compiled and arranged from the very best sources, and latest revisals of the author's works.

The above forms a new volume of the popular class of music books known as the "Home Circle Series," comprising "The Home Circle," 2 vols.; "The Silver Chord," "The Shower of Pearls," "Operatic Pearls," "Gems of German Song," and "Gems of Sacred Song," all bound in uniform style, and sold at the same price, per vol., viz: Plain, $2,50; cloth, $3; cloth, full gilt, $4.

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YOUNG AMERICA IS NOW READY!—Boys and Girls Hurrah, Hurrah!! A beautiful, entertaining and instructive Monthly Magazine, with a host of good things that you will understand and delight in. 15 cts., with a large presentation plate. Send for a copy. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, or sold everywhere. Mailed free on receipt of price.

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"TRY IT."—$1000 Made Easy. "Try it" Send 15 cts. for sample to W. J. STEWART, Jr., Duncannon, Penna.

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

You must save CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.
This is natural and right enough.
The question is WHERE to buy?
It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,
1st—Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d—Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d—Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th—Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.
☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.
oct13-3m

PALMER'S PATENT. 10,000 IN USE. 1859 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA. ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. 19 GREEN ST. BOSTON.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,
B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D. PRES'T. A. A. LIMB, Sec.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still *greater* numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by F. C. GODFREY, No. 3 Union Square, N. Y., and by all Druggists. nov3-3m

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THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REBELLION.

There is a certain portion of the war that will never go into the regular histories, nor be embodied in romance or poetry, which is a very real part of it, and will, if preserved, convey to succeeding generations a better idea of the spirit of the conflict than many dry reports or careful narratives of events, and this part may be called the gossip, the fun, the pathos of the war. This illustrates the character of the leaders, the humor of the soldiers, the devotion of women, the bravery of men, the pluck of our heroes, the romance and hardships of the service.

The volume is profusely illustrated with over 300 engravings by the first artists, which are *really beautiful*; worthy of examination as specimens of the art. Many of them are set into the body of the text, after the popular style of Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. The book's contents include reminiscences of camp, picket, spy, scout, bivouac, siege and battle-field adventures; thrilling feats of bravery, wit, drollery, combat and ludicrous adventures, etc., etc.

Amusement as well as instruction may be found in every page, as graphic detail, brilliant wit, and authentic history, are skillfully interwoven in this work of literary art.

This work sells itself. The people are tired of dry details and partisan works, and want something humorous, romantic, and startling. Our agents are making from $100 to $200 per month, clear of all expenses. Send for circulars, giving full particulars, and see our terms and proof of the above assertion. Address

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GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

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$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 12th, 1863; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BRAIDING, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal Journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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FALL ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which may be reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, as well as by those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Eleventh and Market Streets 45 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

DAY EXPRESS	at	9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10 00			
	A.M. &	11.20	P.M.
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HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Rock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

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Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

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CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20			
	A.M. &	7.10	P.M.
PARKSBURG TRAIN	at	9.20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	3.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

R. DOLLARD,
813 CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov3-eowly

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB,
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CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no increase; the soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be small returns; and the human body must contain impurities, or there will be no sickness. The man whose bowels and blood have been cleansed by a few

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

may walk through infected districts without fear. "The life of the flesh is in the blood." To secure health we must USE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, because we cannot be sick but from unhealthy accumulations in the bowels or the blood, which Brandreth's Pills remove; this method is following nature, and is safe, and has STOOD THE TEST OF TIME. See B. BRANDRETH in white letters in the Government stamp. Sold by all Druggists. nov3-2teow

THE MOON'S VOLCANOES

are engaging the attention of astronomers, but the world of Beauty and Fashion is less interested in human discoveries than in the great question of

TURNING THE HEADS

that have been whitened by age or sickness to a glorious black or brown hue. Nobody now is such

A LUNATIC,

as not to admit that the finest and most harmless hair darkener in existence is

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which nourishes the fibres as well as changes their hue.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. nov3-2teow

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is *guaranteed* in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 296, Watertown, N. Y. sep1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

The Lover's Complete Letter-Writer.

FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN ENGAGED IN A SOLICITOR'S OFFICE TO A LADY BY WHOM HE HAS BEEN REJECTED FIFTEEN TIMES.

Messrs. Old, Parch, Must & Co.'s
5A, Bundum Chambers, Grey's Inn.

My Dear Miss ANGELICA (on the one part),

I, for myself, on the other part, again address you in the intervals of my many arduous labors. Would it were mine, in spite of the previous obstacles thrown in the way, to have and to hold all those charms and appurtenances of which you are seized, all to the contrary, nevertheless, notwithstanding. This communication, my dear Miss Angelica, is privileged. Do I go at all near the truth when I say that in the tone which you adopted on the occasion of your sixth verbal refusal, my ears noticed a slight tremor, an abatement of the anger and scorn with which you expressed yourself on the first five times? Am I right in conjecturing upon such evidence, as my own ears aforesaid, that you are allowing a gentle passion to assert itself in your heart? that, during the last ten times, your "No" has been more and more like "Yes," or am I wrong? *Is* my title bad—in law? or, have I not sufficients to live on? My dear Miss Angelica, I am possessed of all that messuage or tenement known as the second floor of No. 8, Tilbury Place, Islington, which your fairy presence would render a Garden of Paradise. Anxiously awaiting your answer which will now, I flatter myself, be in the affirmative,

I remain (on the other part),
Yours, faithfully and honorably,
YOUR OWN JAMES PETER.

P. S. Do not judge of me from my professional pursuits, but see me on the Serpentine, or in Anerley Gardens.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE (UNFAVORABLE)

I hate and detest you. If you annoy me any more I'll tell your master. A. C.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A FATHER WHO HAS REFUSED TO ALLOW HIM TO PAY HIS ADDRESSES TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Address: Post Office, Bloomsbury.

Sir—Although you have not permitted me to see the object of my affections, yet I take the first opportunity of dropping this into your letter-box. I am not to be repressed by any ordinary discouragement, yet I cannot suffer myself to be shown out of your mansion in the manner I was, without offering some expostulation. I do not, you perceive, condescend to the meanness of sending you in my doctor's bill, (I have, alas! been ill for several days since), nor do I even propose to threaten your menials with a prosecution for assault and battery. No, sir, this is beneath me; and your butler may be ever grateful to the fact of his serving the father of the beloved object of my affections, that I did not turn upon him and strangle him where he stood. It is possible that certain points of my character have been misunderstood. *One* glass of wine will often put an enemy into the head of an over-excitable person and steal away his brains, as Shakspeare, you know, sir, has observed. There may be attaching to me some failing—of which I regret I have many, and who has not?—but it is, I hope, needless to assure you that the three silver forks were put into my tail coat pocket by some malicious person who designed my ruin. This simple explanation will, you must admit, also apply to the tea-pot and the two spoons. However, be that as it may, I trust I am not regarded by you with positive dislike, or unconquerable aversion, and I implore you, and your accomplished daughter, to afford me the opportunity of removing any prejudice that may yet exist against

Your most faithful friend,
And (I trust) future Son-in-law,
SAMUEL SLOPER.

To Stephen Grimshaw, Esq.,
Bedford Street.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE (FAVORABLE) FROM S. GRIMSHAW.

Sir—Pray call as soon as you can; a gentleman from Bow street will have great pleasure in renewing your acquaintance, and both my daughter and myself will be delighted to see you in the Station-house.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., S. G.

A Glass Eye.

A gentleman tells us the following story, and vouches for it as having occurred to himself. Some years ago he lost an eye, and having a taste for comely personal appearance, he had the loss of the member atoned for by the insertion of a glass eye. The counterfeit was a perfect counterpart of the other, and except those who were told of the fact, none would have imagined him to be the "bully boy with a glass eye." Two or three weeks ago the seeing eye began to inflame, and knowing, by sad experience, the danger of neglecting a sore eye, he determined to consult an oculist, and not knowing which was the proper one to go to, was unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of a man who practices the profession, but who, until within a short time, has been engaged in the butchering business. Calling upon the "celebrated oculist and aurist," he told him that his eyes were afflicted with disease, and he feared he would lose them. The quack examined the optics, and pronounced them an easy cure. In fact, he would warrant a cure in two months, and he would heal them up at a low figure, only ten dollars a week for treatment.

"What do you think of my left eye, doctor?" asked our friend, whose faith was not very strong.

The doctor examined the left optic very carefully for several moments, and then said,—

"I find the epithelium slightly opatic, with considerable subcutaneous conjunctiva in the cellular retina of the corneal schirrhosis."

"Can the thing ever be cured?" asked the patient, who was convinced the fellow was an unmitigated humbug.

"Oh, yes, I can cure that in a very short time. I have some vegetable acid which I extract from a plant known only to myself, which will render that eye perfectly well in three weeks."

"Do you really mean to say that I can see out of that eye again? for to tell you the truth, I have not been able to see out of it for a long time."

"To be sure I do, just as well as I do out of mine. This 'ere vegetable acid of mine is really wonderful; there are not any eyes than can resist it. It fixes them all."

"Then you can go ahead on that one, and if you fix it all right, I will let you attend to the other one."

The doctor took out a large syringe, filled it with his vegetable acid, and approached our friend for the purpose of making an application, when he raised his hands to his eye, opened the eyelids, took the glass optic from the socket, and handing it to the operator, said,—

"Doctor, I haven't time to stop for treatment; you can keep the eye here, and as soon as you get it to see, I will call and get it."

A NEW FLOWER; THE CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"This delicate Annual has been seen in great abundance this autumn all round the coast. It flourishes best in exposed situations, and during inclement, windy weather."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*

Typographical Mistakes.

A California paper has the following under this head: Compositors will make mistakes, but they correct many a one for those who write for the press. In the haste of getting up the dark columns from the blind manuscript, they sometimes make errors to their own account in trying to correct errors of the manuscript. Had a case of that sort in California. A compositor intended to be very precise, but as unimaginative as a fresh water clam, was setting up the proceedings of a preliminary meeting to organize a turnpike company. The proceedings were signed, "Thomas J. Bowers, Ch'n"—for short, you know; but how do you suppose Alec set it? "Thomas J. Bowers, Chinaman." The proceedings being a matter of little importance, we left Alec to correct and hurry to press; and the paper was so printed. Bowers was very wealthy and influential, and we had been dealing with him kindly, but that broke up all. He never forgave us.

A WAG entered a store in London some years ago, which had for its sign "The Two Baboons," and addressing himself to the proprietor, said,—

"I wish to see your partner!"

"I have no partner, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir, and hope you will excuse the mistake."

"O, there's no harm done; but what made you think there were two of us?"

"Your sign—'The Two Baboons.'"

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair,
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I,
With all I e'er desired;
I Fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love, but one thing more—
I want—a new fall bonnet!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

IMPROVING CORN.

If we can hurry forward the growth of corn and hasten its ripening period by ten days or two weeks, we shall individually benefit ourselves more than we could by adding an extra acre to every ten planted to corn, and in the aggregate the country at large more than by annexing a territory as large as Texas and fertile as Illinois.

It is rather out of season certainly to begin at the planting end of the corn crop, but just the time, while several thousands of our western farmers are looking serious over corn fields prematurely nipped by saucy Arctic Jack, to say to them softly, but earnestly as we can: "We can do better than this next year, and the year after a great deal better."

By the rains and sharp frost bites occurring between the 15th and 25th of September, it is probable that a loss in the corn crop of the United States has been sustained equal to the total yield of Pennsylvania, or say 30,000,000 bushels. This is quite too much good grain to be wasted in that manner, after all the expense and trouble of growing it to within ten days of harvest.

Now, if we can manage to bring forward the ripening period, say a week next year, and the year after another week, we shall have gone a very long way towards making ourselves masters of the situation, and may laugh and snap our fingers at frosty Jack and late September rains.

We believe it can be done, without incurring any extraordinary outlay of trouble or expense—believe it, because we have made repeated experiments with the several kinds of corn usually planted, finding that the ripening period could be advanced from ten to twenty days, according to kind. The practice that proved successful and satisfactory was to select in the field as soon as the husks began to change from green to russet, the earliest, best developed ears, always preferring the lower ones that were filled closely over the end of the cob. The ears thus selected for seed were marked by turning down three of the outer husks, and at the proper time, instead of plucking, braiding and hanging up, as is so commonly the practice with a great many good seed corn savers, the stalk itself was cut off, and if bearing another ear than the one selected for seed, that was cut away, that the whole of the corn making material remaining in the stalk might go to mature and make up perfect seed corn. The stalks with ears on were then hung by the butts, a little separated, like tobacco, in a cool, airy loft, remaining hanging thus until planting time, when it was shelled, and immediately before planting stirred thoroughly up in a thin compost batter, made of equal parts bone phosphate, wood ashes, chicken guano and rich friable loam, so that every grain got a good coating of the material, going under ground with it. This applied fertilizer begat local and early fermentation, healthy heat, causing the corn to get out in sight and begin to go up four days earlier than the same kind of seed planted in the same soil without the compost application.

The ground was well underdrained, that the growing grain should not be drowned out in early rainy weather, or frizzled into a fever by summer drought. The after necessities were thorough, frequent and clean cultivation. Corn cannot any more than any other grain put on its best vigor and hurry on to an early ripening, having all through life to fight for food with an allied army of aggressive weeds. That's the way we shortened the corn season fully two weeks, and believe all corn growers can "go and do likewise."

KEEPING CORN.

A great deal of good corn is wofully wasted after all the trouble and expense of ploughing, planting and harvesting. This waste is absolutely wicked, and with trifling extra care may be easily remedied. In the first place, in husking, a vigilant look out ought to be kept that no unripe, unsound ear or half made "nubbin" goes in with the pile that is to go into the crib. The pig pen is the better place for all such meterial. One unsound ear may and often does damage a bushel of sound corn.

Next, wherever you are going to put corn to keep, put coal or gas tar about the premises pretty liberally first. It is an utter abomination to rats and mice. They will not board in a corn crib flavored pretty strong with gas tar. Half a dollar's worth will very likely save ten dollars' worth of corn. Very many people seem to suppose that corn may be kept in any sort of a crib, as open as Jack Straw's house—neither wind nor water tight—so that it is housed under a tolerable roof. So it can; but never long in the best marketable condition. While corn cribs ought always to afford free ventilation, they should be so constructed as to shut out all storms, either rain or snow. Better grow less corn and keep it sound than prize crops and sell it spoiled.

CORN HUSKING.

Husking corn is hard on fingers. We have several times seen pretty hard hands placed on the sick list from three days of consecutive "shucking," as the Kentuckians call it. None of the patent corn huskers we have seen are much better than bare hands—two of them infinitely worse—expediting nothing, and cramping and galling the hand till the wearer is glad enough to drop them and go back to first principles.

We like a husker that we invented, built and practised with twenty years ago, but never patented or thought before this night of saying anything about publicly. Here is the fashion of it, and if some philanthropist will lay hold of the idea, improve and manufacture, advertise and sell this other husker, he will confer a blessing on corn huskers, and get himself blessed a hundred thousand times at least:

Make light steel finger caps, very like a two cent thimble, only the tips run out and are flattened into artificial finger nails. They ought to be made of various sizes, so as to fit all fingers when gloved. Then having the top of the rim perforated with small holes, the caps can be set over the thumb and two first, or the first and second fingers of any ordinary glove, stitched fast, and with the glove on, there is a really good and ought to be very cheap corn husker, that works perfectly natural, is not a mite in the way, never galls or cramps the hand, and will last a lifetime. Besides all these good points, the steel claws permit one to work with gloves on, a very comfortable arrangement on a "raw and gusty day."

SAVE THE SOAP SUDS.

"I say now that are is a wicked waste—d'ye know it, neighbor Flandry?"

"What, uncle Enoch? Dunno as I quite understand ye."

"Why, throwin' out and wastin' that way all them soap suds the way your gals there is doin'."

"What is soap suds worth, uncle Enoch?"

"'Bout a hundred dollars, I guess, what your folks'll make 'tween now and spring. Ourn was worth more'n that last winter, and I guess our folks don't wash more dishes and clothes'n yourn."

"Why, what in natur do you do with soap suds to make 'em worth that, uncle Enoch?"

"Didn't I tell ye? Wal, raly now, I meant to done it, and I will now. We save every mite of our suds and dish water for the garden and truck patch, splashin' it over the ground 'bout once a week all winter. It's good for gooseberries and currants, and kills a powerful lot of bugs and beetles and pesky worms, and fattens the ground more'n a hundred dollars' worth besides. That's what soap suds is good for."

GATHERED GRAINS.

PENNSYLVANIA ought to have an extra, special thanksgiving day of her own this fall. While other regions all around us have had their crops rained and roasted rather ruinously, and corn and potatoes in many directions have been prematurely frozen to death, our crops have come in famously, and been secured in first class condition.

——A teaspoonful of powdered alum will purify five gallons of riley, dirty water in fifteen minutes, making it equal to the purest spring water.

——It is pretty generally believed now in England that *Phenic acid*, a new liquid distilled from coal, will kill cholera in humanity, and administered in teaspoonful doses will cure rinderpest and pleura pneumonia in cattle.

——A. B. Fay, of Lunenburg, Mass., has grown on an even three-quarters of an acre of ground forty tons of cabbages, that sold for $1,500.

——A gentleman in the town of Auburn, Me., raised this year $3,000 worth of berries, fruit and garden truck on about one acre of ground. That beats the Bay State. Who says that Maine is not growing ground?

——They have over at Newtown, in Jersey, a Belgian horse, standing twenty hands high, and weighing 2,700 pounds. So say the papers. Another Belgian giant, or a tremendous tall horse story.

RECEIPTS.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Four pounds of fresh beef, four quarts of cold water, two large spoons of salt which will make the fat rise, it should then be skimmed, boil very slowly; then pare and cut in small pieces about six potatoes and six turnips; cut a little handful of cabbage and a small onion, put these all in, and some parsley, or any other kind of herbs you wish; then beat up an egg well, mix it with flour; roll this out in long sheets and put them to dry, then cut them in very narrow strips and twist, and put them in with the rest, and let it boil until it is done.

BREAD DUMPLINGS.—Set a sponge for bread over night, and in the morning work and knead the bread up, and let it rise; about an hour before dinner time, have a pot of boiling water on the stove, take the dough, and roll into balls, and throw them in the water, and let them boil, and when done pull them open with a fork, do not use a knife; and eat with sugar and butter and a little nutmeg.

BREAD PIES.—Take some bread dough, put in a little piece of lard, work it well, then roll it out in sheets and put two pieces of apples in it, then cover this all up and put into a pan, and bake until done; make as many as you will require for dinner, about a dozen or more if the family is large.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Take two cups of Indian meal; two teaspoonfuls of salt; put it in your pudding-pan, and then put molasses enough to moisten the meal; heat two quarts of milk to boiling, and pour it on the meal; stir it quickly till thoroughly mixed, and bake three hours.

OYSTERS A LA POULETTE.—Take a pint of oysters in the juice, place on the fire, skimming off the scum as it rises. Tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour, mix over the fire while the butter is melting; add half a pint of milk, when the oysters boil up add the milk, salt to taste, and serve.

CARROT JAM.—When carrots are in perfection, clean and peel as many as you wish to make into jam. Put them into a closed stew-pan, with as much water as will prevent their burning. Bake them, and, when cold, pulp them through a sieve. To every pound of pulp add the same weight of loaf sugar. Boil it well, and, when cold, add lemon-juice to taste.

FROMAGE A LA PIMPERNELLE.—This is a very tasty dish, and takes the place of *fonda* at the dinner-table. Put a quarter of a pound of good cheese, grated, into a saucepan, with one tablespoonful of milk and a piece of butter the size of a nutmeg. Stir all this over a slow fire until it boils, and then add one egg well beaten. Stir all thoroughly together, turn it into a dish, brown it before the fire, and serve it hot.

A CURIOUS INVENTION BY A WORKINGMAN.—At the Industrial Exhibition in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, there is shown an ingenious invention by which the action of a shower of rain is made to close an open window. The window, when opened, stretches two India rubber springs. These springs are prevented from drawing the window down by means of a curved rod fixed outside the sash, the end of which works up and down in a tubular bell-mouthed stand on the window-sill. A little piece of loaf-sugar is inserted into the mouth of the stand, and the end of the rod is let down gently upon it. The sugar prevents the rod from descending into the tube, and of course keeps the window sash up. As soon as it begins to rain, the bell-mouth of the tube collects the drops, the sugar is melted, and no further obstacle being presented to the action of the India rubber springs, the sash is drawn down.

FLOWERY.—An old divine said to a young preacher, who had just preached a sermon of the intensely horrible order, "you are too flowery, and your flowers are all the flowers of sulphur."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 3, 20, 31, 8, 10, 26, 42, 30, was one of Napoleon's marshals.
My 14, 32, 39, 43, 21, 29, was a celebrated Greek writer.
My 22, 12, 16, 19, 34, 27, was a British admiral.
My 7, 35, 19, 15, 13, 9, 45, 16, was a Jewish historian.
My 37, 25, 32, 40, 44, 42, 14, 41, is a city in France.
My 25, 15, 22, 25, was a Roman emperor.
My 33, 13, 41, 27, is a city in Denmark.
My 21, 6, 23, 38, 17, 25, 25, was an eminent English essayist and poet.
My 2, 4, 39, 18, 5, 15, was a French dramatist.
My 1, 11, 37, 24, 28, 29, was the builder of a wall between Carlisle and Newcastle.
My 6, 41, 36, 25, 44, was an English writer.
My whole was a celebrated French statesman.

Cynthiana, Ky. W. REESE.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, has been the end of many.
My 4, 2, 3, 4, is what a child often proves to its parent.
My 4, 3, 2, 5, is a small opening.
My 1, 3, 2, 5, is found on a field of battle.
My whole is what we do in the dark.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Japan.
A fowl.
A town in New York.
A river in Russia.
A mountain in Polynesia.
A county in Mississippi.

My initials form the name of a town in South America—and my finals the river on which it is situated. DANIEL W. B. SCHNELL.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a field 15 rods wide, how long I know not; but I know if 100 square rods be added to the side, the field will be square. How many acres does it contain?

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a circular window 20 inches in diameter, and suppose a fly to start from some point in its circumference and walk so as to meet all the radii at an angle of 60 degrees. Required—The *curve* the fly's track is, and the distance he has walked when he arrives at the centre of the window.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a newly-married couple like a pair of sugar-tongs? Ans.—They are two spoons joined.

☞ When did Ruth behave ill to Boaz? Ans.—When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

☞ What two fish will make the best apple pie? Ans.—Cod-ling.

☞ If a woman were to change her sex, of what religion would she be? Ans.—She would be a he-then.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE—Virtue.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 21st—20 inches from the end. J. M. Greenwood, and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of July 28th—Numbers are 600, 400, and 200. J. M. Greenwood, M. Stevens, A. Martin.

Answer to Peter Plain's PROBLEM of Aug. 4th—A's share $169.20; B's $162.30; C's $148.50. David Diefenbach, W. H. Morrow, W. A. Root, and A. Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of same date—the dog swam 31.415926535897 rods to catch the duck, and he described a quadrant of a circle whose radius is 10 rods. A. Martin.

A CUP OF TEA.—Chemically analysed, a cup of tea, that almost all of us like so much, contains twenty different articles, to wit: Volatile oil, chlorophyl, wax, resin, gum, tannin, theine, extractine, apotheme, albumen, sulphur, phosphorus, chloride of potassium, oxyd of iron, carbonate, sulphate, and phosphate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, manganese, and silica. The peculiar flavor of the tea is given by the volatile oil, and high chemical authority has declared that tea is not only an astringent and dilutent, but also that it possesses nutritive properties. Both tea and coffee act upon the nerves and the brain with a quickening and refreshing influence, but when taken in excess are prejudicial.

LOST HIS IDENTITY.—Living at the West End are a couple of gentlemen whom we will call Hanscomb and Wiggins, who went to a political jollification the other night and got jolly on the champagne so freely dispensed. On going home together, one living but short distance beyond the other, they came to the first one's residence who, standing at the gate, called out, "Mrs. Hanscomb! Mrs. Hanscomb! please come and pick out Mr. Hanscomb, because Mr. Wiggins wants to go home!"—*Portland Argus.*

☞ What are the features of a cannon? Cannon's mouth, cannon-ize, and cannon-ears.